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CHARITY.*

In some parts of the following article, we shall use freely the facts, quotations and, occasionally, the language of the work named below, without farther reference. If we can awaken the attention of our readers to so important and interesting a subject, our object will have been attained.

Now, charity is essentially *sympathy*. It is especially, *συν*, together, and *πάθος*, suffering together with him in all man's sufferings of body and mind. It has been recognized, to some extent, in its *principles*, in the writings of all nations. Hence, even the old heathen dramatist professed, *Homo sum, nil humani a me alienum puto*. "I am a human being, and consider nothing human foreign from my regard." But, unfortunately, in all ages, theory and practice—the words of the wise and thoughtful and the daily practice of men—have been widely different. The theo-

logical student, in the old anecdote, when being examined by his bishop, and asked, in Latin, "*Quid est charitas?*" answered instantly, "*Magna raritas*." "What is charity?" "A very great rarity." Truly enough, indeed, but perhaps he was a little in danger of not having his ordination papers signed. Charity is rare enough to need to be explained, illustrated, inculcated, enforced. Now, we are not about to inflict on our readers a sermon, and we shall studiously avoid the usual mode of pulpit illustration and enforcement of truth. Yet how can we better begin what we have to say of this most glorious and divine subject, than by referring to the glorious words of divine inspiration, 1 Cor.: xiii.

This heavenly charity could not be expected to take deep root in the heart of man, or bear fruit for the sustenance of the afflicted of our race, unless by an

* The Charity of the Primitive Churches. By the Rev. Stephen Chastel, of Geneva, Switzerland. Translated by G. A. Matile. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co. 1857. 12mo.

impulse from above. Barbarous creeds, even in our own day, command the forgetfulness of even natural affection; compel even the mother herself to destroy her tender, new-born child with her own hands—to plunge it in the sacred River Ganges, or to crush out its brains under the rushing wheel of Juggernaut, deify cruelty, and even consecrate cannibalism. Among ancient heathen nations it was often still worse. How could it be better, when the great truth was not recognized, that "God had made of one blood all nations of the earth?"—when each petty nationality and language was supposed to have had its origin from the soil, and to have been created by its own gods, and thus to have a character, and instincts, and interests quite antagonistic to all mankind beside? Thus each people had its own gods, its own religion, as well as its own laws, and customs, and dress, and language; and every step, from infancy to manhood, and old age, but intensified the hatred of every neighbouring people. Hence the eagerness to rush into war, on any pretence, or none; hence ruthless and bloody slaughter in battle—no pity for the weak, no quarter to the vanquished; or the only equivalent, hard slavery for the captive. Hence the atrocities of ancient heathen slavery, when the porter was chained to the gate; when delicate white females, taken in war, were deliberately destined to a treatment, by their valiant conquerors, which would raise a blush, were it so much as named in our ears. Hence the wailings of the captives, in all ancient and Eastern story; hence the slave might be maimed or put to death, at the will of the master; hence his worthless body was thrown to the dogs, or fattened the fish of his owner's

preserves. Why not? He had not the same origin, nor the same religion, nor the same god. His master had less sympathy with him than with his dog or his horse. Even for strangers, settled peaceably among them, and following trades useful to the commonwealth, they had little more regard. Insults met them in every street; taxes ground them to the earth; on every popular tumult, at every excitement of their rulers' jealousy, they were stripped of their hard earnings, persecuted, banished. From the same cause came the cruelties of the Roman amphitheatre. The gladiator was always a foreigner. Once taken in war, or sent up as tribute to the haughty mistress of the world, he had no right to his own stalwart limbs. His fast-welling blood, his powerful muscles belonged to the Roman people. So long as he amused them he was glorified with crowns and applauses. The moment he offended the caprices of Roman matrons, and courtiers, and children, and rabble, the keen two-edged sword worked in his heart, and he delighted the countless multitude by his dying agonies. The same fact is the true solution of many of the most horrible atrocities of Roman persecutions against Christians. It was not *wholly* that emperors, and generals, and judges, feared the progress of the new religion; but they *hated* it, with the utmost intensity, as a *foreign superstition*, and they recognized no claim, in its professors, upon their sympathies or charity. Indeed, the Romans, before the Christian era, had no such *idea* as our religion, and our minds attach to the word charity. *Caritas*, from *carus*, dear, signified that which *cost* much; hence, tropically, it was transferred to that which was valuable—much esteemed on account of its scarcity

or price. Hence a wife or daughter was *dear*, *cara*, perhaps in the same sense as some of those who now frequent Broadway or King-street. Christianity changed not only religion and manners, but the very meaning of *words*. And *caritas* (charity) came by the universal usage of the Fathers and the Church, to signify love of God and man, flowing out from the heart, in words and tones of kindness—in looks of sympathy, in deeds of beneficence. The ancient religions had cherished an intense egotism. Their devotion, taught by sages, and rendered mysterious by augurs, and practised by muttered prayers of long-robed priests, was little better than that of the narrow-minded clown, whose grace before meals ran thus:

"O Lord, bless me and my wife,
My son John, and his wife,
Us four, and no more."

Homo homini ignoto, lupus est, are the words of the oldest Roman dramatist, Plautus—Man, to man whom he knows not, is a *wolf*. This is a true picture of heathenism, ancient and modern. We mean not the picture of Greek philosophers or poets of the Augustan age. Our classical friends need not cry out against us as unjust to their favorite authors. Doubtless, much of this was mitigated by literature and refinement in later Roman times. But we know what we assert, and if they will recall the savage butcheries detailed even by the elegant Livy, and the sententious Sallust, and the weighty, stern Tacitus, or even turn to the pages of Gibbon, they will find enough to corroborate our statements, and will agree with us, that till the Christian Church introduced it, charity was not known in the Roman Empire, except faintly and and unreally in the works of moralists and poets. There was one

exception. It was that of the people, whose God was Jehovah; and this God was, as their prophets taught them, God of gods and Lord of lords—the God of the whole earth. How striking the truth, that as a narrowness of faith had taught Gentiles to *hate* all mankind except their own nation, and to narrow down their sympathies to their own religion, and even often to their own special tribe, or *status* in the Commonwealth—as patrician despised plebeian, and plebeian hated patrician, so the idea of universality in the Godhead generated the first notion of universal charity. We cannot stop to quote the many noble precepts by which the God of the Israelites sought to inculcate on His chosen people the universal law of love. This law was undoubtedly perverted by the casuistry of the Scribes and Pharisees, and depraved in practice by selfishness and pride. But there it stood, in bright and intelligible characters, in the burning words of their great Lawgiver—a Lawgiver, not only great in Divine foresight and superhuman wisdom, but the only great one who appeared for many centuries, in his recognition of human affections and sympathies, carried beyond the narrow bounds of creed and nationality.

But charity received a fuller and nobler development in the teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, Himself a Jew. With what else is filled that glorious Sermon on the Mount? "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God. Love your enemies. Bless them that curse you. Do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you." And these precepts were to be applied,

not to their own neighbours only, but to all mankind. To leave no room for a narrow application, He related to His uncharitable hearers the parable of the good Samaritan, showing that when we are commanded to love our neighbours as ourselves, the precept applies to *every human being*. And was not His own life the most impressive example of charity ever given to man? Without entering into questions of theology, we are here tracing only a historical outline of the development of charity among men, and, speaking strictly to that point, we say then, Jesus, considered simply as man, was the most glorious example of charity ever clothed in human form. His sublime self-denial left him no home or resting-place. His days were spent in healing the sick and relieving the miserable; His nights in deserts or gardens, or lonely mountain-tops, in intercessory prayer, and His precious life was yielded up in agony inconceivable, as the last and utmost sacrifice on the altar of Divine charity.

Nor can we more than allude to the glorious words of evangelists and prophets, in illustrating and enforcing the precepts of their Divine Master. Suffice it to say, that more inspiring and eloquent exhortations flowed from the illiterate pens of a few fishermen of Galilee, and from the burning tongue of Saul of Tarsus, than had ever been wrought out in the cold speculations of Grecian sage, or poured forth in rounded periods in Roman forum, or imagined in the wild dreams of enchanted Eastern fable. Did any man ever learn charity from Virgil or Homer, or Horace, or even Seneca? Did ever human heart glow with the quick pulsations of an out-flowing love for his kind; for the universal brotherhood of man, even from the splendid

pages of the almost inspired Plato? No. Even the pursuit of these studies, however refining, however elegant, however subtle and instructive, has in it something deadening to human sympathies. Plato's Republic was exceedingly exclusive. Exclusive in its worst practical sense—that of hardening the sympathies against all human beings without a small restricted circle. And if not in him, the noblest Greek of all that illustrious race of thinkers, where else in heathenism are we to find the teachings or examples of heavenly charity?—Alas! nowhere. It has only a heavenly origin. It must come down to the minds of men through a teaching from above, and to their hearts by an impulse from above.

But to proceed with our historical sketch. The first writers of the Christian faith were employed not less in inculcating charity to man, than the dogmas of their newly revealed belief. Hermas, one of the first after the times of the Apostles, cries, “do good to all men; give to all the poor with simplicity of heart, for God wills that we should give of our goods to all.” St. Cyprian, in the middle of the second century, writes: “Let us be, by our liberality, imitators of our Heavenly Father, who bestows equally upon all, the sun, the rain and all common blessings.” St. Clement, of Rome, had said before, “be not surprised that man can imitate God! In effect, he can, if he will; not in seeking riches and sway; not in crushing his inferiors with the weight of his power; for the greatness of God does not consist in these things, and this would not be to imitate Him; but in loading himself with burdens of his brothers, in making his inferiors share all the advantages which he enjoys, in participating the gifts of Providence with the poor, he

becomes Divine to those whom he relieves, and is truly the imitator of the Most High." "A marvellous exchange," says Hermas, "is that which is established between the rich and the poor—the rich gives to the poor what he needs, and the poor in return, enriches him by his prayers. Thus the vine embellishes with its branches and enriches with its fruit the elm on which it leans." "O, rich man," adds Clement, of Alexandria, "wilt thou not conclude so precious a bargain? Thou, whose salvation is, each day, compromised by so many creatures, wilt thou not raise for thy safety an inoffensive army of old men, pious orphans and meek widows, select spirits, who conceal their nobility from the eyes of men; wish to be holy without parade, and are here below, as if in exile, waiting for the day which is to unite them to God? Such are the guardians which you need. No one is idle; no one is useless; one will pray for thy salvation; another will sympathise with thy pains; another will sigh for thee in the bosom of God: as many poor relieved, so many advocates for thee, so many intercessors for thee, before the Sovereign Judge."

Such are short specimens of their eloquent exhortations. And these were not mere words. The *agapae*, or love-feasts of the early Church might better be called *charity* feasts. They were not merely symbolical rites. The wants of the *body* as well as the *soul* were there provided for. They were much nearer to our Christmas dinners than to a cold collation of bread and water. Not but that the latter may have very good influences, may be very edifying to the Christian's soul, but the ancient Christians intended theirs to be also edifying to the poor man's stomach. With prayers, and thanksgiving, and hearty

singing of psalms of joy they feasted the poor, and the blind, and the maimed, and the lame, and the orphan. They invited not those who should invite them again, but the destitute and the miserable, hoping for no reward on earth, but looking for a sure recompense in heaven. How different is this from the luxurious feast of the epicure, and the sensualist, and the fashionable man of the world! Fancy to yourselves an eccentric rich man of this year of grace, 1860, assembling a goodly company of the poor but stalwart sons of green Erin and their wives, and keen, ragged news boys, and match-sellers, and bright-eyed daughters! Fancy him loading a spacious table with turkey and plumb pudding, and many a good thing which they had never seen, or at least *tasted*, in the beloved land of St. Patrick! Fancy him passing round among them freely, and helping this poor cripple to a nice bit, and that palsied woman to a draught of good ale. Fancy him then, at proper time, calling upon all to rise to their feet and sing, with heart and voice, one of the songs of Zion! Ah! this would be a realization of the ancient love-feast, of the charity of the second century. It would indeed have some striking resemblance, also, to the old English customs of the goodly season of Christmas. But these latter were too often depraved with profane mummeries, and wassail, and intemperance, and excess. They have found a nearer realization, thank God, in the feasts now in some places given to the Sunday-school children at Christmas, where innocent Christmas carols, and hymns, and flowers, and feasts of good things, and presents, following the religious exercises of the morning, make the hearts of the little ones glad. Thank God that there are men and women now not

wholly unimbued with this noble spirit of true self-denying charity. We allude not to fancy calico balls, where human vanity, and ungodly parade, and exciting music, and sparkling champagne, and the fascinations of the dance, form the great attraction for the sons and daughters of pleasure to cast in a small portion of their superfluities into the treasury of charity. Miserable cheats and shams are they all. But we allude to such cases as that of the good Methodist preacher, who settles down in the most infamous purlieu of the corrupt city of New York, and lives among the most abandoned of the human race, and draws around him the children of the outcast and the vicious, and takes by the hand the sons and daughters of vice and corruption, and teaches them virtue and religion, and clothes the naked, and feeds the hungry, and sends off the young whom he has reclaimed to happy homes of industry and virtue in the far West. Honor to such men and their supporters and co-workers! How much more do they deserve marble statues and triumphal processions, and eulogies from honied lips, than orators, or statesmen, or warriors, or filibusters, who have waded to the attainment of earthly glory through carnage and the blood of thousands. But *they* crave not earthly honors, and have their sure and ineffable reward on high. We have all heard of the noble example of him who fed, two winters ago, from immense boilers of soup, all who came to him from day to day during the period of scarcity and starvation in the same city. But efforts like these were not, in the primitive ages of the Church, occasional and spasmodic, and the results of individual enterprise, and faith and prayer.

They were parts of the regular system of the church, taught day

by day in sermons of bishops and priests, carried into practical effect in the weekly offerings of the faithful, and superintended by deacons and deaconesses, whose chief business it was to look after the necessitous and perishing. Thus all were taught and accustomed to contribute steadily and often to the relief of the wants of their poorer brethren. Besides these, many large offerings were made on extraordinary occasions. St. Cyprian, at at his baptism, sold, for the benefit of the poor, all his real estate, and even the gardens which he possessed near Carthage. Gregory, surnamed the wonder-worker—(Thaumaturgus)—when he wished to go into solitary life, gave up all his property to the poor. Many missionaries, when departing for their work in foreign lands, distributed their fortunes to the poor, and went forth, staff and scrip in hand, to preach the abounding riches of a new and glorious faith.

Nor could theirs be called the exclusive zeal of fanatics for those united to them by a shibboleth of cant and unintelligible dogmas, such as we have often seen in the *esprit du corps*, which binds together the followers of a new leader, and the professors of a newly invented system. It is true, that those first provided for were the martyrs in prison, and the families of those whose bodies had been thrown to wild beasts, or who had gone to the stake with songs of joy in their mouths and hearts. But next to them, they relieved the sick and infirm widows, especially those over sixty years of age. Then orphans were cared for, the young man had furnished him the means of learning a trade, and the tools necessary for his business. The orphan girl was educated in religion and industry, and given in marriage to some respectable

brother of the church. There then prevailed in all heathendom the shocking practice of children born in shame, being exposed in lonely places or by the way-side to the mercy of wild beasts, or of men scarcely less wild. Often, too, the children of the hopelessly poor, or the sickly and deformed, for whom the mother of our times yearns with a more intense love, met the same sad fate, and sighed away their tender lives on the cold lap of mother earth, or were torn limb from limb by beasts and birds of prey. Whenever such little unfortunates were discovered, the church became their mother, and not only baptized and taught them the true faith, but cared for all their wants and reared them up in industry and comfort to be useful and happy members of society. The old men and the infirm too, were placed in comfortable asylums—not in miserable alms-houses, such as Dickens has made but too familiar to all imaginations, where a miserable pittance is doled out to sustain a scanty subsistence within damp and cold walls, and the eyes of venal and hard-hearted masters are quick to discover and cut off all means of physical comfort and enjoyment. Alas! that we should know that there are examples of a similar kind even in our own happy country, so abounding in the necessities of life! But these primitive men, looking upon all these unfortunates as brothers, first fed them abundantly with plain and wholesome food, then covered them decently with clothing suited to their condition, then spoke to them in accents of brotherly kindness, and lastly, led them by the hand to the house of God, and kneeling beside them, lifted up with and for them the voice of prayer and praise. Ancient charity began with gaining over the body, and ended

with gaining the heart to virtue and to God.

Now, we are not going to decry modern charity in the gross, for we have seen too much of it in noble and glorious aspects. But some of it, we think, begins at the wrong point. Some very good people call condescendingly in their carriages at the cottage door of the half-starved laborer, step daintily on the floor long unused to suffering the hardship of a scrubbing-brush, inquire piously if a Bible can be found in the house, offer a prayer for the conversion of the benighted inmates, and leave on the pine table four ounces of bad tea and six ounces of brown sugar, crowned with a dry controversial tract. Excellent people they are, meaning well, no doubt, but rather narrow. The tea and sugar will not quite fill those importunate inner sacks carried somewhat naturally, though unfortunately, by father and mother and five children, nor will the dry doctrine fill the hearts of the young or the old. What is wanting is the element of true human sympathy, and without this let no man or woman think to do the least possible good in the cottages of the poor.

But let us return to other examples of ancient charity. Cornelius, a bishop of Rome, tells us that, towards the middle of the third century, his church sustained ordinarily, besides a numerous clergy, more than 1,500 poor, such as widows and persons afflicted with different evils. Other churches in the various cities of the empire, doubtless, sustained a proportionate number; and let it be remembered that this was in days of persecution, and long before the new religion had obtained the favor of emperors and kings. In the third century, following the long wars of Gallienus and the famine which ensued, a contagious malady broke out in

Alexandria. Struck repeatedly with so many scourges, the pagans gave themselves up to that blind panic, fear, which excludes all other thought but that of danger. Inhuman by excess of fear, they repelled from their houses those who began to be attacked by it, deserted their most intimate friends, threw the victims still breathing, upon the public square, and gave the dead bodies, without burial, to the dogs. The Christians, on the contrary, forgetful of all care of themselves, attended them day and night, and nursed the sick and dying. Priests, deacons, laymen, among them many distinguished persons, died victims of the contagion, joyfully sacrificing their lives for their friends and brethren. Others pressing in their arms the bodies of those who had just expired, closed their eyes, carried them upon their shoulders, washed them, enveloped them in shrouds, carried them to their burial, till they in their turn received from the survivors the same service.

Does any classical scholar here remember the masterly description of the plague of Athens by Thucydides? If he was not, at college, an over expert Grecian, he may remember it by that same token that he wished the writer and the book had both perished by that same plague. But what a striking parallel does that great master of history give us to this! But a parallel, alas! without the alleviation. The charity was wanting. How the heart sickens at the recollection of his awful periods. Gaunt figures stalking from house to house of the dead, staggering under stolen bags of gold and plate; men reeling forth mad with drink, and shouting a horrid chorus of bacchanals in the streets; women lost to shame, and publicly contending to see who should be most vile; gaming, and

quarrels, and theft, and murder, rife on every hand, while the sick and dying languished for a cup of water from a kind hand, or a word of sympathy from a kind heart.

But time fails to speak of examples of charity in the earlier ages of the church. Even in more corrupt times, when faith and practice were greatly depraved, charity was never entirely lost sight of. The monasteries, institutions well suited to the ages in which they were begun, however unsuited to ours, were always seats of learning and charity. The poor received bread at their gates. Their slaves were always the most humanely treated, and their tenants rented their lands on the easiest terms. Even the fierce baron, of the middle ages, though he plundered the company of merchants on the highway, and harried neighbouring towns and castles, like the English outlaw of later times, gave to the poor, what he took from the rich.

But the darkest period of charity was also that known as the least learned in theology, and the coldest in piety. And it is only in recent years that charity has revived from her long slumber, and is beginning to put on her robes of beauty, and array herself in her winning smiles, and deck herself with her jewels of great price. Something had been done before, but coldly, unsystematically, with sparing hand. But men are at last beginning to feel, that charity is a part of morality, a part of patriotism, a part of religion, a means of attaining happiness on earth and glory in heaven. Houses of mercy to receive poor fallen females, and teach them industry and purity, Orphan houses, Asylums for the widow and the indigent female, begin to arise in all our principal cities. Howard societies band themselves together to succour the stranger and the sufferer

in time of pestilence. The clergy are beginning to find that all their duty is not concentrated in the composition and delivery of sermons, but that the poor and the sick claim their services from day to day and from house to house. The time is coming when the face of the man of God will be best known by the poorest and most miserable of his parishioners. The time is coming when the church which does not give abundantly, not merely to churches and missions, but to the relief of suffering humanity, will be cast out from communion and repelled as worse than infidel, and when the test of true piety will not be loud *professions* but *works* of kindness, and words of sympathy and love, and acts of self-denial and charity.

Of all the appearances of the human countenance methinks a smile is the most extraordinary. It plays with a surprising agreeableness in the eye, breaks out with the brightest distinction, and sits like a glory upon the countenance. What sun is there within us that shoots his rays with so sudden a vigour? To see the soul flush in the face at this rate, one would think would convert an atheist. By the way, we may observe that smiles are much more becoming than frowns. This seems a natural encouragement to good humour; as much as to say, if people have a mind to be handsome, they must not be peevish and untoward.—*Jeremy Collier.*

There is not one single source of human happiness against which there have not been uttered the most lugubrious predictions. Turnpike roads, navigable canals, inoculation, hops, tobacco, the reformation, the revolution. There are always a set of worthy and moderately-gifted men, who bawl out death and ruin upon every valuable change which the varying aspect of human affairs absolutely and imperiously requires. It would be extremely useful to make a collection of the hatred and abuse that all those changes have experienced, which are now admitted to be marked improvements in our condition. Such a history might make folly a little more modest, and suspicious of its own decisions.

For of a truth, stupidity is strong—most strong—as the poet Schiller sings: “Against stupidity the very gods fight unvictorious.” There is in it a placid inexhaustibility—a calm, viscous infinitude, which will baffle even the gods—which will say calmly, “Try all your lightnings here; see whether I cannot quench them!”—*Carlyle.*

The glorious sun—the centre and soul of our system—the lamp that lights it—the fire that heats it—the magnet that guides and controls it; the fountain of colour, which gives its azure to the sky, its verdure to the fields, its rainbow-hues to the gay world of flowers, and the purple light of love to the marble cheek of youth and beauty.—*Sir D. Brewster.*

I love these little people; and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us.—*Dickens.*

EPISTOLARY GOSSIPINGS OF TRAVEL, AND ITS REMINISCENCES.

NUMBER XIX.

BEAR HOUSE, Sept., 185—.

My Dear Fellow voyageur,—

I see no reason to doubt the truth of your "Piney Wood's Story," though you seem yourself, willing to take it with some grains of allowance, or at least unwilling to vouch for it. However that may be, you had no reason to fear being "tedious," in recounting it yourself. So far from it, the interest never flags to the end. It would, in all seriousness, make a capital chapter for a blood-and-thunder novel. Cobb would go into ecstasies over it. If you undertake the work, with this story for the basis of the plot, don't disappoint your readers as a Western editor did, who gave the first chapter of a romance in a number of his paper, in which he excited their imaginations and sympathies to the highest pitch over the hero, whom, after conducting through the most heart-rending, soul-crushing scenes, and hair-breadth escapes, he causes to rush to the edge of a frightful precipice, over which, after sundry wringings of the hands, and rollings of the eyes, he dashes him headlong.

Great was the anxiety, great the suspense for the next issue. They knew, that being a hero, he could not have been killed, or hurt by the fall, for nothing harms these heroes. The paper came, but not a word on the all-absorbing subject. Another came, and still the mystery that shrouded the fate of the hero was unravelled. Suspense

burst all bounds; letters poured in upon the editor from all parts, begging him to go on with the story, and especially clear up the consequences of that plunge over the precipice. In the next paper appeared Chap. II. "———" (naming the hero) was caught in the seat of his pantaloons by a friendly limb, from which he cut himself loose with his jack-knife, and went on his way.

But I see a dear little hand in Wesen, beckoning to me. I must hasten to it, to impress upon it a —— a few short preliminaries to give you the bearings, and you shall be introduced.

In the pleasant month of August, 184—, a traveller, with knapsack on his back, might have been seen wending his way in the early morning along the cheerful shores of Lake Zurich, between Rapperschwyl and Wesen. Not to keep you in suspense as to the identity of this early traveller, I will, by your leave, step into his shoes, (an act by the way, I shall have deep reason to repent of before long,) and assume the responsibilities of hero.

Arrived at Zurich shortly after our temporary separation at Munich. I purposed with myself running down as far as Thuis to examine the celebrated Pass of the Splugen, at Via Mala, (or Verlorenes Loch, as the Germans more expressively call it,) taking the baths of Pfeffers, and Chur by the way; and returning, to branch off at Richenau, cross the mountains

of Glarus and Uri, to Altorf, and thence to Lucerne. The trip as contemplated, would have doubtless been a very pleasant one; and it was with the full intention of making it so, that I left Zurich. Failing to get any satisfactory information from the captain of the little lake steamer, as to her hour of departure.—[These German Switzers, in their obliviousness to time, would match the "provoking Italian," of whom you complain as deficient in all idea of distance.] I had come as far as Rapperschwyl the day before, by diligence, where I took a bed for the night, and from whence, as hinted above, the traveller's walk on that pleasant August morning commenced.

Well did I feel repayed for my choice of conveyance from Zurich; the diligence bringing me into more intimate contact with the interesting localities that line the Lake's shores. I am clearly of opinion, that if Lake Lucerne, (or "Vier Wald Stätter See,") and Wallenstatte, merit most admiration for the wildness and almost savage grandeur of their scenery. Lake Zurich, with its beautiful wooded slopes, the pleasing, peaceful character of its views, its orchards, vineyards and innumerable country seats, and villages nestling in foliage, is not only no less an object of delight, but inspires most of that feeling which would make us linger, and love to make our home amid such happy scenes.

The walk from Rapperschwyl to Wesen is eighteen miles, (no great distance for us, who had made twice that in a day.) Although the hour was early, the way was enlivened by numbers of the country people in their picturesque costumes, bearing their wares to market. For the most part they had carts, drawn by very meek-faced donkeys, who (not the donkeys,)

never failed in that hospitable custom, of saluting the stranger as they passed. The road, for a few miles, runs along the border of the lake, and then follows the course of the Linth Canal. I have prepared you to look for lamentations, in speaking of the shoes I stepped into. Unfortunately for my feet, but fortunately for my good fortune, these were a horrible pair of horrid "Brummagem's" I had purchased in England, on a high recommendation of their superior qualities as walking shoes, but that was in the days of my greenness. They were as hard, Paul, as unyielding, stiff, rigid, inflexible and horny, as the most obstinate of Dutch sabots.

Soon after passing Schmerikon, my feet began to blister, and by the time I had reached the Ziegel Brücke, they had attained to such a degree of inflammation, that the pain became well nigh insupportable. I was forced to call a halt. The bare recollection of the excruciating torments endured, occasions, even to this day, an involuntary shudder. All the beauties of the way were unappreciated. What cared I for beauties, natural or feminine? The beauty was all in my feet. They certainly were in a beautiful plight. The glorious valley of Glarus might unfold its glories never so gloriously. What were its charms to me? The snowy peaks of Glärnisch might tower up behind it—what cared I? The impetuous Linth might flow, and the history of its subjugation to the skill of Escher come to mind; but who was Conrad Escher? Let his wife admire him! or who was anything, or anybody to me, whose feelings were all submerged in those accursed, bloody Brummagem's?

Like the daughters of old, I sat down by the waters; not to weep,

O no! not to hang anything up, save, in fancy, the cobbler of those shoes; but to bathe my burning feet in the cooling stream, and to think of kindred subjects. Of Job I thought, but not I fear in patience; of Popes and instruments of torture; of the inquisition; of wheels and iron maidens, and the thumb screw. I believe some soft thoughts of home and country also struggled through my mind; and that this wearing one's self out with long walks, rubbing one's feet to blisters, and otherwise putting one's self to a deal of trouble, expense and annoyance, for the silly gratification of running from one little place to another like place, to see how this one differed from that, and both from anything inviting, when one might have remained quietly at home, got married and kissed his wife, and enjoyed his *otium cum dig.*, without blisters—was voted a unanimous bore.

A survey of casualties revealed one enormous blister directly under the right heel, rendering that foot completely *hors de walking*; a large abrasion on the left ankle, two small water-blisters on the ends of the toes, one large one at the swell of the great toe, three at the sides of my feet, besides several contusions indiscriminately disposed. What then was to be done? became the question; that I could not, without great difficulty, even make the distance to Wesen, which was still several miles distant, was clear, and clearer still, that I could not continue my journey beyond that place, and would I find shelter and hospital accommodations there? Thus questioning with myself, as I sat on the canal bank, paddling my feet in the grateful tide, and meditating on the steps to be taken, I soon began to experience relief from the cooling application. In an hour or more, by the free use

of my knife to the leather opposite all the tender places, I was able, with the help of a good staff, and a decided limp, to resume my walk. It was a sore trial though, as you may guess, and yet, — I would not have been spared it; no, not for a thousand blisters. It was my passport to the tender, platonic, nursing care of a legitimate descendant of the good Samaritan. It was my introduction to a new chapter in life's biography.

I hobbled, as best I could, to the inn of Wesen, entered unceremoniously, threw aside my knapsack and called for mine host. Presently, a short, sun-burnt, thick set, good-natured-looking man, in blue blouse, entered, and inquired after my wants. "Remedies, my good man, a room for a few days, and something presently to eat; but first, remedies for my blistered feet." He said he was just starting for his field at some distance, where he was very busy; that his frau was not very well, with a baby only some few days old, but his daughter Lucie "was smart and used to waiting," and would furnish me with a room, and serve me in any way; I had only to ask for what I wanted. I thanked him. Nothing could have possibly been more agreeable to my feelings, though I had not seen Lucie; but the name was sweet, and that was something. I somehow felt its owner could not be less so. Mine host withdrew.

I was not kept long in suspense, for I had only been some moments drawing pictures of Lucie on the canvas of my fancy, when the door of the waiting-room opened, and the object of many an after, private contemplation presented herself. But how shall I paint her, to give you an appreciative picture? Do you suppose two persons ever yet caught the same idea

of beauty from description, however minute and particular? It is with beauty as with places. Your fancied idea of Venice, derived from reading, how did it correspond with the reality? And were your ideas one with mine? I shall, therefore, despairing to draw her to the life, be very general. In stature, she was short; you know my weakness for the diminutive in beauty as more easily comprehended, than where charms are distributed over a great deal of surface. In years, she was just "where the brook and river meet." No gazellè was ever more graceful in form, or beautifully rounded; Potter, hers was a plumpness positively passing popular persuasion and belief, as Gottlieb would add. Her face, as a whole, I can compare to nothing so aptly as a ripe peach, with all its ruddiness, freshness, juiciness, ripeness, just ready to be eaten, or melt on the lips. You have seen such faces, Potter—was Katarina's such? Like the peach, it was oval, and running over with a gush of sweet expression; like the peach, too, its effects upon the eyes were to make the mouth water through a mysterious sympathy. Her eyes were large, lively and expressive, yet sometimes shaded with a pensive cast; revealing an expanse of blue, it was heaven to lose one's self within. Simplicity's very fingers had arranged her hair, whose dark brown, luxuriant growth, was drawn above her ears, displaying a well-shaped temple and forehead. Her lips were indescribable; red as rubies to be sure; but though I looked at them long and often—though I once even presumed so far, as by the blessing of ye gods, to just touch them with something—a little feather I believe—to try their texture and see if they were real: I never could under-

stand them—I never could; because, do you see, I never could understand how they could keep talking at such a rate, when they were as motionless as sleep; nor how, when speaking, they were able to produce such a compound sensation of fascination and embarrassment. But I will say no more; thus was Lucie made up, in a way that well-nigh took the last prop from Mr. Grunter's stoicism.—[An honor finally reserved for Mrs. Grunter]—and undermined the foundations of his first principles.

She approached me with simple self-possession and a modest sympathy; and inquired, "Was fehlt Ihnen mein Herr?" Never did Deutsch greet my ears so gratefully. I explained to her the nature of my ailments, adding, that after attending to my wounds, I should be glad of something to break my fast upon, as I had partaken of nothing since morning. She replied, in the sweetest way—as she stood before me with her dear little arms folded—I should have whatever of best their home afforded, but first my feet ought to be attended to, adding—"Ich weisz was sie gleich curirt." "Ein einziges Blick deines Angesichtes wäre allein genug." I said in the best German I could muster; at which she smiled, protesting that was but a poor remedy for most things, the which I felt like contradicting, but only excepted a broken heart. But Lucie illustrated the practical.

She presently withdrew, and soon returned with a decanter in one hand and a plate in the other. I experienced an internal sense of relief at the view, thinking she was going to administer to the inner man for the comfort of the outer. I was about stating I had no objections in the world to such

a treatment, when remarking a linen bandage hanging from her arm, some natural misgivings arose. She soon cut conjectures short, by remarking "here are brandy and tallow for you, mein herr, a certain cure." "But, my dear young lady," I suggested, "how are they to be applied?—they have no affinity and won't mix; haven't you the wing of a chicken, or even a cracker and a bit of cheese, that would assimilate better with the cogniac?" "Ei, ja wohl," said she, laughing, "aber alles zu seiner Zeit;" proving Miss Lucie systematic as well as practical, I could only reply, "Dein Wille geschehe," and commenced removing my stockings preparatory to the anointing process. Oh how grateful! never forget it, Paul—brandy and tallow. Lucie stood by and directed operations, while I did the manipulating. "Now a little tallow," she would say, "now some cogniac;" "rub the tallow well in, then apply the cogniac;" how sentimental of my little heroine, to be saying such things. If I paused a moment in the operation, whether for contemplation, or to ask a question, or it may be to suggest the propriety of tasting a little of the remedy, she would scold in such a sweet way—in a manner so new to all Mr. G.'s ideas on that subject, he could have kept on sinning, to be under perpetual punishment.

The one extreme being thus properly cared for, and the other pleasingly occupied, the very next consideration became decidedly the state and condition of the mean. The obstreperous little fellow, who quarters in that portion of the human barracks, began to make himself heard by unmistakable tokens. To his wants, the indefatigable Lucie next addressed herself; first, however, having (for I had, by this time, passively resigned myself into

her hands,) removed those "dreadful shoes," where I should "never see them again," and supplied their place with a pair of old soft slippers.

My dear Paul, I know of no one who more truly appreciates the pure, unadulterated enjoyments of the table than thyself; but this would have been the happiest meal of your life, could you have been waited on by those comely polished arms as was I; could you have realized a bewitching little satellite revolving round your poles as did I. "Did it act as a bitters?" I hear you ask. Proh pudor! Potter; *homo sum*! Did the old padre at the Simplon hospice act as a bitters to stimulate your appetite? Man must eat, of necessity; and, it must needs be far more exciting to the gastronomic functions, to be conscious of a fair pair of hands, in a perpetual round of proximity and temptation about one's ears, than of a gray old padre opposite asleep, and "nodding unconscious approbation" to the damage you are committing. Of the viands, it may be said they were choice; there stood the same decanter before introduced; there was the cold chicken; not even the crackers were wanting, nor a savory slice of gruyère, flanked by some wholesome bread and butter.

The repast over, she invited me to the small parlour overlooking the lake; there we sat and passed the few remaining hours of the day in pleasant conversation. She asked me of my journeyings, and whither I was going; whence I came last, and of England and my people. When she learned my home was in America, such a far-off land, what interest she manifested! "Ist es doch möglich?" she would repeat. I told her of the prosperity of many of her countrymen who had found a home

there; it seemed to touch her little heart, Potter, and she visited its overflows in renewed interest in myself. I asked her name. "Lucie—Lucie Landesmutter." "Heaven forfend!" I exclaimed, in a language she did not understand; and do you believe the little jade, as if struck by a new idea, ran off and brought an old musty register, in which she asked me to record my name. "Semoon Groontar," she read it. As the evening fell we naturally fell with it, to themes the hour inspired. I believe Lucie fancied I was advancing too rapidly, for she presently spoiled the prettiest of *tête à têtes*, by asking me if I would sing for her. The fact appears to be, Paul, our friendship, or likeness of souls, progressing in the same ratio, was full a month old; and she called me Semoon, as unconcerned and naturally as if we had been school-mates.

There stood in the corner a primitive instrument, mounted on legs, like a magnified music-box; to this she led me. I obliged her as well as I knew how. Of course she was pleased. My sensations were different: I was not satisfied with myself. The organ, if I may so style it, was supplied with air by means of an obstinate pedal arrangement underneath; and the rocking motion, to and fro, necessary to keep it in wind, together with the effort to bring out any tones with effect, had nearly dislocated my neck. I asked Lucie in turn, to favour me; and fearing lest such a mishap might befall her, volunteered to supply the breath while she should play and sing. Her voice was natural, and very sweet, though uncultivated; but taking into account the wheezing of the instrument, (attributable perhaps to the name of the place,) which manifested, all the while, the

most decided symptoms of asthma, it left a pleasing impression. She sang several pretty Swiss airs—one in particular, which she gave with peculiar *naiiveté*. I listened to it with especial pleasure, and asked her to copy for me. Here it is in Lucie's own words:

"Du wirst mir's ja nit übel nehma,
Wenn i nit meh zu di komma;
Denn du weisst ja all zu wohl,
Warum i nit meh komma soll.

Bei meinem Eid, i hab di lieb g'hat!
Hab dir's oft g'sagt, dass i di lieb hab;
Doch du weisst ja all zu wohl,
Warum di nit meh lieba soll.

Den schönen Strauss, i hab ihn g'funden,
Hab ihn g'pfückt, und hab ihn g'bunden;
Doch du weisst ja all zu wohl,
Wer den Strauss nun habe soll.

O hätt i's nur verschlafe könne!
Doch i kann's nit' thust mir's lähma;
Denn du weisst ja gar zu wohl,
Warum i nit meh schlafe soll.

Hier unterm Brustlatz thut mir's pocha,
Komm an's Herz mi, lass die drucka!
Ach du weisst ja all zu wohl,
Dass i di nit meh drucka soll."

Paul, that first day and evening, passed away with charming, unconscious rapidity, followed by others no less charmingly unconscious in their flight. Alas! all things earthly have an end, and so did this treasured episode of my life. There is something very affecting, Potter, about these early loves. Do they not take a more tender hold on the heart than the maturer passions of our riper years? With a slight alteration, how happily does that well-conceived couplet express the true idea of those early relations? "O what are the old wives we perish to win,
To the first little darlings we caught with a pin?"

But under the kindly ministrations of my little Samaritan, my feet were at length in walking order; and when I bade her adieu, and put a ring on her finger for a keepsake, with six or seven seals

by the side of it, I thought she looked a very little as if she would like to go along. But the propriety of duplicating at that time not being altogether apparent, I did her the justice to reflect, that one

less unsusceptible to sublunary charms than S. Grunter, would never have departed a unit from Wesen. Farewell Lucie!

Yours,

S. G.

NO. XX.

MAGNOLIA CABIN, Oct., 185—.

My Dear Simon,—

The description of your maid of Wesen is only equalled in beauty by its enthusiasm, and shows a heart as youthful at — as at twenty, when you first sighed and wrote verses. I commend your steadfast adherence to the peach in the delineation; it gives unity to the picture, and makes it soft and downy. But don't you lay yourself open to the charge of being a "wretched latitudinarian," as the invalid old lady styled herself, when you make Lucie reveal "an expanse of blue it were heaven to lose one's self in!" All this in a lady's eye—for she was evidently no blue-stockings! You think not—considering the all-pervadingness of the eye, in the first place, and of the blue in the eye, in the second place. Very well—I recall the suggestion.

You have, however, indicated a striking mode of ingratiating one's self into a lady's favour, viz.: by blowing the bellows for her! I think, Grunter, I see you at it now! Did you go down on one knee to do it? I never knew you to puff your way into a lady's graces before. Wouldn't the principle hold as well whether the nozzle of the bellows were under the coffee-pot as under the key-board? In other words, won't your invention apply to the kitchen?—that's what I would elucidate for the benefit of the world at large. We write to instruct as

well as to amuse, and if the bellows—an instrument universally known—can be applied in this way, the practical results will be immense.

Grunter, how could you tear yourself away from a girl that sang to you such a touching little song? You're a monster of indifference. To be sure, I don't quite comprehend Lucie's verses; but I recognize, now and then, a landmark like Herz, Ach, Liebe, &c., which keeps me *au courant* of the sentiment, in a general way, and leads me to an estimate of the profundity of her despair;—as sailors get a fair notion of the average depth of the channel by an occasional cast of the lead.

In place of renewing my recollections of Rome, I send you the following letter. With your running commentaries, the text will appear even longer than it is. You know very well the officer to whom it was addressed—one of the purest and best our service has ever known, and who has himself traversed on a public mission a part of the countries you and I have seen together. I have often spent happy evenings one of a circle of subalterns who delighted in getting the Colonel on his travels, and hear his genial stories, so pregnant with humor and incident. The service, alas! knows him no more; not that his kind spirit has departed from amongst the living, but that he has turned his good sword into a more peaceful implement. After a service of

more than forty years, spent in unremitting devotion to his duties, he was compelled, by the refusal of the only leave-of-absence he had asked for in twenty years, to elect between the sacrifice of great pecuniary interests and his commission, in a time of peace. I have seen the Colonel lately, amid the green foliage and towering trees of his retreat. The same winning smile, we have been accustomed to see, still greets his friends. The only subject to which he did not allude with satisfaction was his retirement from the army. He had, he said, hoped to close his days as he had begun his labours, in the honorable service of his country. He had made every effort to find some compromise between his duties to those about him and the imperative mandate of authority, in vain. Now, the Colonel, as you know would have given his whole heart, and I believe all the property he could call his own, to the exigencies of his country; but an entire sacrifice of the welfare of others to the whim of passing power would have been merely quixotic. So, with deep mortification, and regret yet more profound, he retired to the welcome of the beautiful elms under which I found him. Possessing the will and the means to confer happiness upon those about him, he finds abundant scope for useful employment, and is a man of note in his neighbourhood and in his native State. Having led a life of purity, honesty and usefulness, the retrospect of his past days gives him pleasure, and he likes to meet those whose presence carries him back to his more public life. The old age of such a man, closing a long life of activity in the public service, and beautified by the exercise of the cardinal virtues in private life, justifies the application of Bayard Taylor's reply to a self-depreca-

ting remark of Humboldt—"not a ruin, but a pyramid." So much of preface to the letter:

ROME, Sept., 184—.

My Dear Colonel,—

It is a weighty matter to write a letter from Rome. It is worse than Niagara. One is expected to be filled and overflowing with sentiment, and that too of a rare kind. New expressions must be used to describe emotions different from those of your thousand predecessors. Now, this you will see is a matter of some difficulty; and were I to express my feelings as I passed sleepily through the Porto del Popoli into the great city of Rome, and rumbled along under the shadow of St. Peter's, over the "foaming Tiber," where Cæsar bathed, and, if we may believe Cassius, drank more of the yellow flood than was good for him, I doubt if there would be anything new or entertaining in them. Great, strong emotion—emotion that makes the heart leap, or causes the dew to start on your brow—such, for example, as you, my dear Colonel felt, when you ascended out of the great Swedish iron mine in an open bucket, and standing on its edge, looked down a thousand feet into a yawning gulf, into whose blackness you might be precipitated by the parting of a hempen thread—emotions which caused you to leave the marks of your grip on the iron bale of your bucket car; such leave an impression that may be conveyed in striking language, and have the force of novelty. Perhaps, had I fallen out of the copper ball of St. Peter's on the roof beneath, I should have had some very strong emotion; and had I lived to express it, I might now have a new idea to convey to you. In default of a little

accident like that, the non-occurrence of which you will, I am sure, excuse, I beg you will not expect anything smart or profound, and so not suffer from disappointment.

Before I forget it, I may as well tell you that, at Genoa, I saw your *old friend*, the Czar Nicholas, as well as the Empress and the Dutchess Olga, with whose appearance your relations had made me familiar. The Emperor is, in personal appearance, all one would fancy, in one of his exalted position. Sitting on a large bay horse, and wearing the uniform of a Colonel of Hussars, his fine face and ruddy complexion contrasted well with the bear-skin cap; and the glance of his eye, as it swept over the field of parade, showed one used to the pomp of display and to the exertion of command. I could not help thinking of Scott, as I looked on the bold figure of the Emperor. Both are much above the ordinary stature of men, though the American chief would tower half a head above even Nicholas, who can doubtless *look down* on most of his subjects. Both have fair hair, ruddy complexion and light eyes; and both have the sharp, fearless look of men accustomed to extort prompt obedience. The Emperor, however, *sits low* in his saddle, whilst the supporters of the conqueror of Mexico are not made for the circumstances of a rapid retreat.

No one knew that the Emperor was in Genoa until the morning of the review in his honour; and I was astonished when, in passing a palace, I saw issue forth an escort preceding a grand figure on horseback, accompanied by the King of Sardinia, and was told it was the Emperor. But a few days before, the newspapers had told us of his presence in a remote part of his dominions, and the Genoese seemed

inclined to think he had dropped out of the clouds upon them. It is quite evident that Emperors, if they are not omnipresent, can travel very fast.

I grieve to confess it—and I beg you will not mention the matter at “our mess,”—but I have been disarmed on entering the territory of his Holiness—disarmed, too, by a mere man in buckram, wearing a frock-coat buttoned up to the throat, and a round hat. My cherished revolver, the emblem of my nationality, which lay quietly in my trunk, with three barrels unloaded, and the cones of the others clogged with a six months’ rust, was seized on with avidity by the police of the “Papa,” and now remains in their possession. At Civita Vecchia, where the revolver was captured, they told me it would be restored to me at Rome, but the prediction has not, thus far, been verified; and I shrewdly suspect it has found its way to the Vatican, where his Holiness is having its mechanism examined. The circumstance brings me, however, in daily communication with a sharp-eyed Secretary, who persists in assuring me that my property is in *good hands*, (a confirmation of my surmise that the Pope himself has a hand in the matter,) and that the affair is progressing to a conclusion that will be satisfactory to all the high contracting parties concerned. In the meantime, as pistols are more in vogue than pistols, I get along very well without my detonating little friend, whose society was rather an encumbrance than an assistance. I only hope that no harm may come to “parties” in high quarters from incautiously meddling with what they don’t fully comprehend. I am sometimes apprehensive that I may be taken up, tried and convicted of introducing an infernal machine to the Pope’s presence. If

I am arraigned, being a bit of a lawyer, I am determined to plead *non assumpsit*—meaning that his Holiness had no business to assume the custody of the mechanism himself. Meantime, my advice to all peacefully disposed persons intending to travel is, to bring as much money as they choose, but to leave their weapons *unloaded* at home.

I must say, my dear Colonel, that I am grievously disappointed with Rome. The "Eternal City" is not what it advertises to be, and I proceed to state the specifications to this charge of false pretences. Do you not recollect the pictures in the geography where there is one with "Rome" printed under it, a perfect mass of huge buildings, evidently ruined beyond all redemption?—pillars falling and prone, like defeated giants—great arches without piers, and piers without arches—all brought into one glance of the eye? Now, you will be surprised to hear that there is nothing of this sort here! That picture, which I regard as an advertisement of Rome for the benefit of speculators, is a sheer imposture. I am, at this moment, writing at a new, handsomely built hotel, looking out on a square in the midst of the city, where there is not a ruin, nor a broken column, nor a tottering arch in sight; and I have to walk half a mile from my elegant *porte cochere*, to see either of those things of which Rome, according to the geography, consists. Moreover, I saunter the whole length of a street called the Corso, and, instead of the silence which ought to brood over desolation, the street is thronged with carriages and people, laughing, talking and carousing, as though Rome—the once "Mistress of the World," who was ruined so many centuries ago, were an Italian San Francisco—a city of yesterday.

Rome spread over seven hills,

with its millions of inhabitants; yet, look down on it from the roof of St. Peter's, and it lies about you as flat as a pancake; and you shall ascend the Quirinal, and climb to the top of Monte Cavallo, without a quickening of the respiration. The capitol—the famous capitol—stands on a mound, and is reached by a stairway; and an American boy would, for a sixpence, turn a somersault off the Tarpeian rock, into the sand below!

On my way to the post-office, my attention is called to a cornice and a few capitals, filled in between with bricks and mortar; and here is the famous Temple of Antoninus, or all that remains of it, smiling at a fish market round the corner. The Pantheon spreads its protecting wings over two bits of streets, either of which takes you to the theatre. Think of the Pantheon—once the temple of the gods—as a pointing-board to a minor theatre. It utterly annihilates all preconceived notions of the fitness of things, and makes one quite laugh with contempt at geographies and the wisdom they pretend to be stored with.

It is true, that an imaginative man like Byron, might find on the outskirts of the city, mind ye, in the Coliseum, the *Caesars'* palace, the Forum and other *disjecta membra* of antiquity, materials with which to supply the *fantasy* of his fancy. But we know very well the difference between the realm of the poet and the capital of the Pope—between the city where it is declared our path lay

"O'er steps of broken thrones and temples"—

and the *pavé* actually trod; and if any enthusiastic young American, with reverted shirt-collar, expects to "realize" the

—“flow
Of Tiber, thro’ a marble wilderness,”
on the strength of a poet’s assertion, he will have his vision opened to the conviction that his preceptor has been giving to “airy nothings, a local habitation,” difficult to find at the present day.

But the modern Romans estimate things at their present value, and grow edible potatoes in the baths of Diocletian. The cows, too, (the *bulls* you have heard of,) seem to make the same use of the Appian Way that they do of any country road; and stand whisking off the flies, under the Arch of Septimus Severus, as though it were a barn shed, placed there for their especial convenience. All this is very disenchanting. In a popular plaza you will find a renowned statue, which is used in a manner to be imagined, rather than described. It is the statute of Pasquin, and “when you are in Rome, do as the Romans do,” refers, I believe, particularly to the treatment this dishonored semblance receives at all hands.

Perhaps one of the most depressing occurrences—one which completely destroys that *prestige* of ancient Rome with which you enter its gates—is to sit at your *table d’hôte*, opposite to a man of light complexion, blue eyes, sandy beard and moustache, and long, uncurled, though by no means ungreased locks, while he is eating *sour krout*! No reserve of enthusiasm can possibly triumph over the spectacle. Eating is rarely poetical, either in the abstract or the concrete, unless the company be gods, and the food ambrosia. But a German *dilletanti* engulphing *sour krout*, under the very shadow of Trajan’s column, and within sound of the Tiber! Shade of Servius Tullius! Marius musing over the ruins of Carthage,

you have seen, and can appreciate. It is not an enlivening subject, and leads to melancholy thoughts. But the *sour-krout* man is worse than Marius. He leads you to no end of mournful comparisons; and you rise from the dessert, marshalling the fragments of your dream of ancient days with the same sense of desolation with which the luckless vender of clay figures regards the remnants of his overturned tray—trifles in themselves, yet his all. The idols of your worship lie in desolation about you; and you have a vision, that night, that you saw them disappear, by troops, into the mammoth mouth of a Sphynx, with sandy beard and a moustache!

Before closing this letter, which threatens to be tedious, permit me, after having dwelt on my disappointments, to revert to some of my gratifications. The motto that “beggars must not be choosers,” cannot be applied to those people, “*qui trans mare currunt*” and travel a long way over-land besides, to get a glimpse at the treasures of these ancient lands. Your cockney, or Parisian, who runs down here in a few days, ought to be contented with things as he finds them. He earns nothing, for he does not labour. But an American, who crosses four thousand miles of boisterous “ocean wave,” oppressed with sea sickness, or terrified by fears of drowning, has a certain claim on the amenities of even classic antiquity, which makes the gratification of his moderate preconceptions a sort of duty on its part. Hence, when I grumble forth my dissatisfaction, I feel no remorse—I am but enjoying my rights; whereas, if I see a Johnny Bull turning up his nose at a ruin, or depreciating a torso, I feel like pitching into him. What right has he to growl? The ruin is

cheap to look at, and the torso hasn't cost him a sixpence on the average. A pretty fellow, to be sure, to be showing his airs here. Let him go home and uncurl his snobbish nose in the British Museum, and delight his thievish instincts before the Elgin marbles. This is my torso and my ruin. I broke my ribs over a corduroy rail-road, and my "soul has sickened o'er the heaving wave" (didn't the poet intend to write, "whose soul has heaved o'er the sickening wave?") to get at them, and I don't choose that his sneers shall mar my enjoyment. So that you see, if I do abuse the shortcomings of antiquity myself, I don't accord the permission to every snob who thinks to imitate me. Let them first chasten themselves by penal suffering in the cause of *virtù*, as I have done, and then, perhaps, I may share with them my well-earned privileges.

Shall I tell you how I figured to myself some idea of the colossal proportions of St. Peter's? I took an area of two hundred feet square. On this area, and touching its four

sides, I built up a dome, double, if you choose to be particular, one hundred feet high. I then supposed this to be raised up bodily, by some mechanical contrivance, one hundred feet into the air, and constructed under it a circular wall, making a total of two hundred feet high. I again raised this mass, a moderate mountain, as before, two hundred feet, and built under it four pillars, each sixty-five feet square, and each pillar equal to five huge three-story houses placed on top of each other. Such was my skeleton of the dome. Does this convey to you any idea of its immense proportions? My airy architecture took me about three seconds, while the structure itself took nearly six generations to its completion.

I should be glad to dwell longer on others of the wonders of Rome, that have repaid my claims upon them in unalloyed gratification; but you will hardly consider me premature in bidding you, for the present, adieu.

As ever, yours,
PAUL POTTER.

"Nobody knows what strength of parts he has, till he has tried them. And, of the understanding, one may most truly say, that its force is greater, generally, than it thinks, till it is put to it. And, therefore, the proper remedy here is, but to set the mind to work, and apply the thoughts vigorously to the business; for, it holds in the struggles of the mind, as in those of war, *dum putant se vincere vicere*. A persuasion that we shall overcome any difficulties that we meet with in the sciences, seldom fails to carry us through them. Nobody knows the strength of his mind, and the force of steady and regular application, till he has tried. This is certain: he that sets out upon weak legs, will not only go farther, but grow stronger, too, than one who, with a vigorous constitution and firm limbs only sits still."

"I admire wit as I do the wind: when it shakes the trees, it is fine; when it cools the wave, it is refreshing; when it steals over the flowers, it is enchanting; but when it whistles through the key-hole, it is unpleasant."

WHERE DWELLETH LOVE?

Within the dome
Of palace, or the lowly roof; by dell
Or winding stream; where art and knowledge dwell,
Hath Love a home?

And dwells she here,
Where falls the leaf beneath the winter's blast,
And morning flowers before the noon be past,
Are dead and sere?

And, as at noon
The petals wither of the early flower,
So droops the young heart in its morning hour
And dies as soon.

Where, while the soul
Rejoiceth in the dreams of beauty clad
With its own gorgeous linings, doth the sad
And solemn toll

The years ring forth,
Summon the mildew o'er them, and the gray
And melancholy vesture of decay,
The robe of earth.

Where, when the heart
Hath built its temple, and the columns fair
Are wreathed with chaplets our soul-garden's bear,
Their hues depart.

And to its fall
Beneath the mould of but a few brief years
Crumbleth the Beautiful our toil uprears,
Emblem of all,—

O then, what part
Hath she where joys grow cold and fade away
Beneath the icy touch the world doth lay
Upon the heart?

Far in the sphere
Eternal, was her birth. She from her home
And bright seraphic company hath come
A moment here.

Her way of light
Hath touched these sublunary things, and given
To their dark aspects some fair tints of Heaven
Through mortal night.

On glowing wings,
Then to eternal mansions she hath sped,
But left her tokens, though herself be fled;
For incense clings.

And haloes bright
(Left by her heavenly touch) 'round mortal love,
While she the radiant way to homes above
Hath tracked in light.

ROLLA, OR THE SIEGE OF MALTA.

* NO. II.

The young Moor was scarcely out of sight, before the party was overtaken by a band of their own brethren emerging from one of the parallel trenches, on their sullen return to the camp. Their captain, a man of medium size, was thick-set and strongly built, with arms that could fell an ox at a blow; his dark, sun-burnt face was covered with coarse beard of the deepest red, and his thick and projecting eye-brows were of a much darker hue, and cast a shade upon his small, piercing, deep-set eyes, and when contracted by a frown would give them an expression of indescribable ferocity; but in its natural state his whole countenance was one of great *bonhomie* and good-humour. His defensive armour seemed very incomplete, according to the ideas of that day, for it consisted only of a round helmet of polished steel, with a spike upon the top, and a thick breast-plate of the same materials, under which he wore a species of brown leathern coat reaching to his knees, and girdled at the waist by a thick black belt, from which hung the scabbard of his sword and a broad-bladed dagger; leather breeches covered his legs, and over them short black boots; his arms were bare from the elbow, and upon his left hung a small shield, without device, while in his right he carried his short, broad, and very heavy sword, upon which he depended for defence as well as attack; indeed, he had often been known to go in-

to battle without his breast-plate or his shield, and with no other weapon than his sword, in order to impress his men, as well as his foes, with his daring and his pretended invulnerability.

Having spoken a few words to some of the men of the first party, he made his way to the side of the prisoner, and addressed him in Spanish, a language then very generally understood and spoken:—"What fate dost thou think is reserved for thee, Christian, for thine and thy comrades' obstinacy in defending yon worthless ruins?"

"Worthless thou dost not think them, else thou hadst not wasted so much time and blood to take them," answered Raoul, proudly.

"Dog!" muttered the other.

"Moslem," replied the knight, "if thou hast come to insult me in my misfortune, thou art losing time, for I will not heed thee; and though the worst fate would be but my deserts for having yielded myself a prisoner, yet I will tell thee, that thy lieutenant, for I take thee to be Dragut, has promised me treatment due to my rank."

"My lieutenant!" exclaimed Dragut, his eyes flashing; "how dares he promise anything!"

"Perhaps on the presumption of thy gallantry; for a fairer lady I have never beheld."

"Ah! thou meanest Rollo!" said the corsair, his face assuming a more pleasant expression; "she is a good girl, and willing, too!—her promise is safe. Now, sir knight,

since thou knowest my name, wilt thou tell me thine, for a bold warrior I take thee to be."

"My name is Raoul de Kergolet; one which is perhaps not altogether unknown to thee," answered the knight, drawing up proudly.

"By the beard of Mahomet!" exclaimed the other, holding back a step to have a better view of him: "thou art, indeed, a rare prize! that name alone has been more fatal to us than a thousand swords; without thee, those ruins can no longer exist."

"Thou art mistaken, corsair; there are many knights in San Elmo, who will yield to none in Christendom in courage and renown."

"It may be so, but thy name! thy name!" replied Dragut. "I have seen the bravest men quail and turn pale at thy cry."

"And what sayest thou of Miranda's name?" asked the knight; "thou hast cause to know it."

There was a dark frown on the Moor's brow as he answered: "Dog! I will meet him again ere many days;" then turning abruptly, he continued: "Farewell, Sir Raoul, be sure that thy ransom will be set at a high figure."

"I would not have it otherwise," proudly replied the knight.

We will now leave the Christian knight on his way to the tent in Dragut's quarters, which had been apportioned as his prison, and step into the midst of the Turkish camp; without however attempting a description of the confusion and disorder which prevailed there on the return of the discomfited troops, bringing with them their numerous wounded, whose groans of pain, or imprecations at being roughly handled, filled the air with dreadful and heart-rending noises; nor shall we speak of the filth which covered the narrow lanes between the tents,

poisoning the atmosphere with noxious gases, and creating pestilence, always fatal to their armies. Hassan, the bold Aga, had brought back his Janisaries in good order to their quarters, which, unlike the others, were kept clean, and free from confusion. Having spent some time in giving orders for the proper attendance of the wounded, burial of the dead, and comfort and security of others, he left for the head-quarters of the Turkish Commander. He had not proceeded far, when he was met by the chief eunuch of the harem, by name, Numba, lately arrived from Constantinople, the bearer of a sacred firman from the Sultan, the secrets of which he had not yet made known. He was a tall, athletic, pompous negro, wearing a huge white Cashmere turban, with rich fringes of gold, and a long tunic, also of pure white and most costly materials, which partly concealed his "jacket" and trowsers of crimson, embroidered with gold; a cimeter, with an elaborately carved golden scabbard, and jewelled handle, hung at his side from a belt not inferior in costliness to any other part of his apparel. He was followed by a guard of a dozen stalworth blacks almost as richly dressed as himself. He accosted the Aga, and after the usual pompous and ceremonious salutation common to the Eastern nations, and to which Hassan, not being in the best of humours, listened with impatience, he spoke to him: "The most noble Aga of the invincible and ever faithful Janisaries, has great cause to rejoice in the love shown to him by Allah and his most sublime and hallowed prophet!" he bowed his head low, while the guard bent theirs lower still: "he has had the good fortune to take a prisoner of note among the accursed Christians."

"A prisoner has been taken," replied Hassan, "but not by me."

"But he is by right thine, most valiant Hassan," replied the negro, "and thou mayst claim him. The faithful are already murmuring, that he has so long been allowed to escape their just vengeance. The dog must die; so hath decreed Mahomet, the saint of saints. Supported by thy claim, I can demand him from the stubborn corsair."

"I have told thee, eunuch," replied Hassan, with a curl of contempt upon his upper lip, "that I have no right to him. Go thou and claim him, if thou darest, from the corsair."

The chief eunuch of the harem has always held one of the principal offices of the Ottoman empire, the guardian of the "living jewels" of the Sultan, whom none can see and live. So important is the post deemed, that he is never allowed to leave it, excepting on most extraordinary occasions, when others perhaps could not be trusted; it has often been said, that he is second in power only to the Sultan, whom he often rules through the lovely women under his surveillance, and equal to the Grand Mufti himself. But the Agas of the terrible Janisaries, backed by their well-disciplined troops, had many a time dashed the power of the three to the earth, and held the destinies of the empire in their hands. Numba full well knew this, and although disposed, like all negroes, to tyrannise where he had the power, he quailed before the eye of Hassan, whom he felt was not to be trifled with, and said, in a meek tone: "The great and powerful Lord Aga knows not perhaps, that I have come armed with a ray of the light of the brightest sun in the world; him whom the most exalted dare not look in the face! he has ordered, that all men shall

obey his will, through my voice, and that holy will is, that all infidel prisoners shall die."

"And I tell thee, eunuch, that the Christian knight shall *not* die; and I tell thee further, that if thou darest tamper with my brave men in their quarters, I will shoot thy black head from yon wide-mouthed cannon; thou knowest me too well to doubt my word," and he proudly passed on.

Numba gnashed his teeth in his ill-concealed rage, and gave a significant glance to his minions, who stood by him like so many statues, his hand felt for his jewelled dagger, and he cast a wistful glance to the quarters of the Janisaries, several of whom were in sight; but prudence prevailed over passion. "Thou shalt pay dearly for thy audacity, accursed devil," he muttered, "and shall yet learn to know Numba."

He turned abruptly, and followed Hassan at a distance, and patiently awaited until that officer had left the presence of Mustapha, when he presented himself before the general-in-chief. It has often happened in the history of the Ottoman empire, that a general at the head of powerful armies, beloved by his troops, and wielding, for the time, more power than the Sultan himself, has, at the summit of his glory, seen a black eunuch, with two assistants, present themselves before him, bearers of a firman and the cord from the Sultan; at the sight of which, with true Mussulman faith in fatalism, he has submissively bent his neck for the cord to be attached, and tightened until strangulation has deprived him of life; while a word from him would have saved his life, or hurled the cruel or jealous master from his throne. Mustapha was naturally cruel, and in his present state of mind, anxious and dreading lest the

solution of the eunuch's mission might be the cord for himself, it was not probable that he would deny him such a trifle as the life of a Christian. It was soon arranged between them and some others present, that the prisoner should be shot, at the dawn of day, from the mouth of a cannon; the only difficulty being to get him from the hands of the corsair, whose obstinacy was proverbial, and whom they dare not offend. Finally, Numba agreed, reluctantly, however, to see Dragut himself, and after exposing to him the universal clamour of the troops for the death of the Christian, and the dangers of revolt and bloodshed, in case of a refusal to satisfy them, to offer him a large sum in purchase of the prisoner; whom they supposed had only been saved by the corsair in order to obtain a large ransom for him. The wretched negro, thirsting for the blood which he dared not spill in battle, lost no time in putting his plan into execution; and although, at first, Dragut had well-nigh deprived him of his ears and nose, finally this chief's hatred of the Christians, and desire to satisfy the love of his men for gold, adroitly excited by the crafty and smooth-tongued black, triumphed over his better feelings, and the knight was doomed.

Soon after the completion of this bloody traffic, the knight was transferred from the Moor's quarters to the keeping of the ferocious Turks, who removed him to a tent on the side of the camp farthest from the Castle of San Elmo, that he might be perfectly secure from any attempt to rescue him by the Christians, whom they believed capable of any desperate action. Guarding the tent were ten or twelve picked men; some sleeping, while others sat with their legs crossed before them, drowsily smoking the "chi-

book," and occasionally exchanging a word or two in a monotonous tone. Around them, all the camp-fires had gradually died out, darkness and silence prevailed—every one seemed wrapt in sleep; for as there was nothing to apprehend on that side of the island, the sentinels were few and far between, and careless from a sense of security. Within the tent, the knight lay upon his back, his arms pinioned behind, and so tightly fastened to a stake driven into the ground, that the harsh leathern thongs were buried in his swollen wrist. His position, which he could not change, was one of extreme uneasiness, and added to the pain from his undressed and inflamed wounds; a half-stifled groan would occasionally escape from his parched lips; it was the only sign he gave of his intense suffering. From the time that his guards and his quarters had been changed, he knew that he was destined for some terrible death; and awaiting it with all the heroic resignation of a true knight and Christian martyr, he fervently prayed to Christ and His Blessed Mother, that they might strengthen him to the last. His temples throbbed violently, a burning thirst consumed his frame, and when exhaustion brought something like sleep to his relief, it was only a feverish drowsiness, filled with fantastic images and deluding visions of all that over-wrought and suffering nature craves: icy fountains gushing from the moss-covered rock; lakes of limpid water shaded by tall green trees, so tempting for a bath to the weary body, clusters of fruit invitingly hanging above-head; scenes of early life and happy times, all peopled with the familiar, smiling and loved faces of home, offering cups of cool, sparkling wine. But when approached, the lakes become deserts of burn-

ing sand; when pressed to the parched lips, the fruit seemed filled with ashes; disgusting reptiles crept from the fountains; and then came turbaned Turks and yelling devils brandishing their weapons at him. These visions would blend and disappear like mist, and other bewildering fantasies succeed. And the Moorish heroine came to him, with her large, soft black eye looking into his as they did when she rolled at his feet by that unlucky blow; but tears trembled in them, and as the pearly drops fell to the earth at his feet, they seemed changed into cool fountains. He tried to speak to her, but his swollen tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; she beckoned to him, and he tried to move, but the agony in his wrist reminded him that he was pinioned to the earth. With difficulty he opened his eyes, and all was darkness; he recalled his wondering ideas, and tried to connect them. "Oh!" said he, half-audibly, "why are not those heavenly eyes raised in adoration of the only true God? They could not then have been so false!" and he sighed; he fancied that his sigh was echoed within the tent, and he became aware that a faint stream of light had entered, which enabled him to trace a form standing at his feet, looking down sadly upon him; he thought it another creation of his fevered brain, another beautiful phantom that would soon vanish like the others; its appearance was that of a female of exquisite loveliness, but not like the Moorish maiden; her hair flowed loosely around her, and was of the golden hue of northern climes. Her arms, of snowy whiteness, were bare to the shoulders, and the flowing dress, girdled in many folds around the slender waist, was of that gauze-like fabric woven by India's maidens; the wings which adorned her shoulders

showed her to be a being of another world; a tear trembled in her eye for a moment, and then rolled down her cheek.

"If thou art an angel," the knight murmured rather than spoke, "sent to receive my soul—why shouldst thou weep? If thou art one of the hours that dwell in Heaven, of which the Musselmén speak, then, may God forgive me for having doubted thy existence? Speak beauteous spirit!"

The vision placed her finger to her lip in token of silence, and kneeling at his side, held a cooling beverage to his lips. "Oh! what a heavenly draught," he exclaimed, when he had drained the cup. "Bright being of another world, sent to soothe my last dying hour, take now my soul: 'tis ready to go with thee." She arose and beckoned him to follow. "Alas! sweet spirit, the soul has not yet left its earthly prison, and that is so strongly bound to the earth that it may not move! Without thy assistance I cannot follow."

She knelt again by his side, and drawing a small jewelled poniard from her girdle, she severed the leathern thongs which bound his hands. He felt the warm touch of her hand, and her long silky curls brushed his forehead as she bent over him. He gazed into the soft blue eyes from which a tear escaped. Oh! that blessed tear of compassion! Heaven's own dew drop, so refreshing to the lonely, suffering heart! she took the swollen hands in hers and gently rubbed them to restore the circulation: and then rising, beckoned him to follow, placing her finger upon her lip. He arose, tottered a step or two, and would, perhaps, have fallen had she not supported him: she, the slight almost ethereal being supporting the stout warrior! "Such is the strength of charity,"

he murmured! "Thanks, I am better now, and can follow thee whither thou shalt lead." She motioned silence, and throwing over him a white robe, which formed a hood over his head and flowed to his feet, she looked into his astonished face and smiled, and, taking up her small lantern, led the way out of the tent. She trod lightly among the guards who lay motionless around the tent, and held the lamp so as to throw the full light upon herself; one or two of the guards raised their heads, and gazed stupidly at the passers, but quickly covered their faces with their arms, and bent them to the ground. Raoul was bewildered, and felt very much like seizing by the throat the first that had risen to look at him. He could not collect his confused ideas, and knew not whether he was dead or alive, asleep or awake! Was his body, now covered with a white pall, such as spirits are said to wear, the same as that which had been encased in armour awhile back, or was his soul now passing from earth to Heaven? Was he not passively submitting to the will of another being evidently not of this world, without the least wish or power to resist the fascination which compelled him to follow? and was he not already an object of dread to the living?

The sleeping guards were speedily passed: beyond all seemed quiet: a few hungry dogs roaming about the outskirts of the camp, or fighting for the possession of a well-cleaned bone, alone crossed their path and barked at them as they passed. They had avoided and left behind the last flickering fire, and had issued into the open fields, which, dotted with clusters of trees or shrubs, could better conceal their movements, when Raoul's quick eye detected, not far

from them, two men on horseback, who seemed to be watching their movements; that they were warriors he could not doubt, for the rising moon shone upon the bright steel helmets. Raoul's swollen hand was vainly carried to his side for his faithful sword, and he felt that in his weakened and defenceless condition he was completely at the mercy of any foe, and that resistance would be impossible. He whispered to his guide: "Beautiful spirit, I know not what are thy means of defence against men, but I have none! had we not better move more to the right, amongst those trees through which horsemen could not so well pursue?"

But she, heedless of his words, simply motioned silence, and pursued her swift and straightforward course for the hills, which they had nearly reached; and, as the horsemen did not seem inclined to oppose their advance, but on the contrary moved in the opposite direction, Raoul felt that his fate, whatever it might be, was safe in the hands of his guide, and he followed her light steps as quickly as his feeble condition would permit. They had now left the level plain, and commenced ascending the hill, upon which was scattered numerous small fragments of rock; these gradually increased in size and number, and the ascent became steeper and more rugged; and Raoul, notwithstanding the bright light of the moon, which enabled him to pick his way, found it very difficult to follow his guide, whose step seemed to become lighter and more æthereal as they rose higher above the plain. She, however, perceived his difficulties and moderated her speed, which had now, probably, become less necessary to insure their safety; Raoul could now notice the scenery around; it presented a most deso-

late appearance, huge black rocks, bare of vegetation, saving a few stunted shrubs and scanty tufts of grass, arose in masses around them and sometimes hung above head, as though threatening destruction to all beneath. The narrow path, (if path it could be called,) led at one time by a difficult and dangerous ascent, and at another through mere fissures in the rock, so narrow that all light was excluded, and Raoul, whose heavy tread echoed fearfully along the passage, only followed his mysterious guide by the knowledge that he could not deviate from the path. But he fully expected at each step to reach the gaping mouth of some frightful cavern filled with horrible monsters, or to the iron gates of an enchanted palace, defended by some monstrous giant whom he would have to combat, and he had braced his mind for the terrible conflict. Our knight was not naturally superstitious, for even in those days when a belief in the supernatural was very common, when the beautiful and graceful literature of the troubadours, and the spirited tales of chivalerie, (a love for which had not yet been smothered by the cruel Cervantes,) had filled the dark forests with enchanted castles, and peopled these with lovely damsels and winged fairies, awaiting the appearance of some brave knight to deliver them from the power of their monster jailors: even then he had doubted the possibility of their existence, and his mind refused to believe what his reason could not accept, or his religion teach. But his fevered dreams when lying on his bed of thorns in the Turkish tent, had weakened his strong mind, and quickened his belief in those supernatural agencies which in strong health he had refused to recognize; and now that he found

himself the hero of a most extraordinary and inexplicable adventure, reason, unable to explain the mystery yielded her sway for the time with scarce an effort, and wild fancies frolicked uncontrolled. He had been rescued from death, if, indeed, he was alive, by one of those very winged beings in whose existence he had never believed, be she fairy from his own dear France, or houri from Mahomet's paradise! With the mere touch of her delicate finger she had severed the thongs which his whole strength had been unable to break: she had led him over the prostrate bodies of his ferocious guard, and now they were ascending rocks, and surmounting difficulties impossible to human effort under ordinary circumstances, guided in their intricate path by a small mysterious blue flame, of which he had several times caught a glimpse, and which his guide seemed to follow with perfect confidence. What more natural, than that his excited imagination should expect something still more extraordinary at the end of such a journey, and in such company. As we have said before, "he had braced his mind for any emergency, only regretting the loss of his faithful sword."

"Fair ladie," he said, at last, "if, knowing my devotion to justice and innocence, it be your will that I should do battle in your just cause, as I have lately done in that of our holy religion, pray do not overlook that your champion is unarmed, and that his present garb is scarcely suited to a knight about to enter the lists; and although willing and ready to lay down his life in your service, yet he would fain strike in your defence a blow worthy of such a cause!" They had reached the summit of a hill, covered, like its sides, with rocks, upon one of which the fair guide

had seated herself, until the knight approached. The moon poured a stream of silver light upon her, and Raoul was more than ever confirmed in his opinion of her ethereal nature. An arch smile played in her soft eyes as he stopped speaking, and shaking her head in token of his not being expected to do battle, she pointed to a small, blue, flickering light, which seemed to dance upon a far-off cliff, from which they were separated by a deep valley, and resumed her journey. Raoul had once or twice caught a glimpse of the mysterious light which his guide, apparently, followed instinctively, and it had forcibly reminded him of the superstitions of his own Brittany, where the "*feu-follet*" is thought to be the lantern of the dreaded "*Loup Garou*," which, if followed, will certainly lead to death, and his scepticism was greatly shaken; but his stout heart sustained him, and he dismissed all thought of fear from his mind, as unworthy of a knight.

When they reached the top of the hill, the sun, unobscured by clouds, was just rising above the horizon the fair guide stopped on a shelving rock, and waited the approach of the exhausted knight. Raoul felt that his strength was nearly gone, and that he could not last much longer; but his guide, whose sweet face betrayed her concern at his condition, motioned to him to sit by her side, and pointing to a beautiful grove at their feet, made him understand that there was the end of their journey.

"An oasis in the midst of the desert!" he faintly said—"a paradise in the midst of a hell!" And then turning and looking at her, he added, "but not half so pleasant to the weary eye, or so grateful to the suffering heart, as thy bright and lovely presence in the dark hours of agony and trial."

She averted her face, a sigh escaped her bosom, and, perhaps, it was a ray of the rising sun which imparted the slightest tinge of crimson to her soft transparent cheek. After a short rest, they commenced descending the gentle slope, and in a short time Raoul found himself, as he had expected, suddenly arrested by a strong gate, at the sides of which arose high and perpendicular rocks, opposing an insurmountable barrier to further progress. "Now," thought he, "for the enchanted castle: but my strength is gone; I am but a child! and then this miserable garb." No monsters or giants, however, made their appearance; and the guide, first coming to him, to his great relief, removed the now useless disguise, leaving him in his long coat of mail; then going to the gate, gently tapped it with her small white hands, and the huge machinery swung back as though by magic, gave them admittance, and closed again behind them. "Strange! extraordinary!" cried the knight, half audibly, and carrying his hand to his forehead, as though to ascertain his identity! But he had still more cause of wonderment at what he beheld before and around him, as he followed the light steps of the fairy-like being who led his way deeper into the garden; so light, that her foot scarce impressed the soft and silky grass which carpeted the winding path; and in his admiration at the enchanted scene, all sense of past suffering and fatigue were forgotten. Trees of the richest foliage formed arches above head, impenetrable, save to a few slanting rays of the early or setting sun, sufficient only to nourish the numerous flowers which bloomed almost unseen. There were trees, to him unknown, with broad and glossy leaves, and flowers of the purest white, larger than any he

had ever seen, and clinging to them, the slender and graceful vine of the new-found Florida, whose numberless cups borrow their brilliancy from the gold of their own native land, and whose fragrance rivals that of the ambrosia from heaven. There, too, was the classic laurel, and there the golden fruit of the Hesperides. Clusters of amber and purple fruit hung invitingly from the yielding branches. Birds of the brightest plumage skipped lightly from fruit to fruit, or from flower to flower, sipping their sweetest juices, or seeking a sunny spot upon a twig, smoothed their ruffled feathers and warbled their morning songs! Upon a lake of limpid water floated lazily the long-necked swan of northern climates, as spotless as the snow-flake, and as majestic as the queenly lily which graced the margin. And there, too, was the more rare, but not less stately bird, which hails from the mysterious sources of the Nile, and whose glossy plumage equals in intensity the finest ebony. Gold fish, brought from the waters of China, swam close to the banks, catching at the gauze-wing fly as it skimmed over the water, or rose to the surface as the maiden passed by, expecting their usual morning meal, and darting again to the bottom at the sight of a stranger—for well do they know the hand that feeds them. Their path led around the beautiful lake, and at each step new objects more charming, more extraordinary than what had preceded, were presented to the knight's view. Delighted beyond expression, he stopped to admire a scene more beautiful than any he had ever imagined, and when he turned to seek his guide, she had vanished. Uncertain which way to go, he turned abruptly from the lake, and in front of him, almost hidden in a grove of trees, and in the midst

of acacias and jessamines, arose a grotto of shells and corals of various forms and vivid colours. He looked in vain for the entrance, and paused in astonishment to gaze upon the enchanted place; and, while a strange feeling of awe stole into his heart, pressed his hand upon his burning forehead to collect his wandering thoughts. Presently the soft strains of music were heard from within; it was scarce more than a breath, but so sweet, so plaintive, and in such perfect harmony with the luxurious softness of the light, and the delicate perfume of the air: so like what he had heard the previous night upon the ramparts, and which had so filled his soul with inexpressible melancholy. He leant over to listen, and feared to breathe, lest he should lose a note: it seemed to last but a minute, and gradually died away: and still he listened, hoping to hear it again. Overcome by his feelings, he was ready to sink to the ground, and turned once more to look at the grotto. Strange! an entrance was now plainly visible, where he had vainly sought one before. He arose and advanced a step or two towards it, but a mist appeared to float between him and the objects within, which he could imperfectly discern; he passed his hand over his eyes; slowly the mist melted away; the forms within became less indistinct, and assumed the shapes of human beings—of maidens lying in graceful groups about the hall, and seeming to sleep. His bewildered eyes wandered from one to the other, scarcely knowing which to admire most. But close to the fountain of sweet water (each jet of which sparkled in all the colours of the rainbow, and filled the air with sweet perfume), reclined the fairy-queen herself, with his own guardian angel seated at her feet.

At seeing her, all the wonders he had beheld were forgotten. A half suppressed exclamation of wonder burst from his lips, and he remained spell bound and immovable, lest the charm be broken, and the beautiful vision disappear. The queen wore the small crimson cap of Fez, embroidered with gold, and ornamented with a rich tassel of the same metal, and from which escaped, in flowing waves, upon her shoulders, her long black and glossy hair. Her dress, of the most priceless materials, was yet simple and graceful; a close fitting caftan of green silk, flowered with gold, relieved, to great advantage, her splendid form, and opened in front to display the fine and gauze-like tissues which rivalled, but could not surpass, the whiteness of her neck; loose and flowing sleeves, close fitting at the shoulder, left exposed her beautiful arms; and around her slender waist wound a sash of crimson silk, from which flowed to her feet the rich folds of a silken skirt. She arose, and pressing her hand to her heart in token of welcome, advanced to meet him with a smile of unutterable charms, whilst all her maids around seemed wrapt in slumber. "Welcome, sir knight," she said, "to this, our humble abode. We have long expected thee, and feared that thy guide had lost her way."

"Fair lady," he replied, kneeling before her, "I scarce know whether to address thee as the fairest of the fair, upon earth, or as one of those bright meteors from Heaven, sent to gladden our hearts and dazzle our eyes for a second, and then to leave us in utter darkness."

She answered with a smile, extending her hand to him: "Methinks, Sir Knight, thy memory fails thee; for, had I been the spiritual being thou speakest of, I would not have drawn upon my

head the terrible blow thou wert so ungallant as to deal me, when I presumed to meet thee in battle."

"Pardon, fair lady," he exclaimed, as the whole truth of his adventures now suddenly flashed across his mind. "Oh! pardon for not at once knowing thee; but thy dazzling beauty had blinded, and my strange adventures had nearly bereft me of thought. Believe me, I could never forget those eyes, which looked with such angelic sweetness and forgiveness when I cursed the hand which had dealt the cruel blow. Upon my knees I crave thy forgiveness," and he pressed her hand to his lips. "Arise, fair sir," she replied, with a blush; "such a posture before one like me becomes not a knight of your exalted renown. I doubt not, when lying suffering in your cruel prison, you thought those eyes as false as as you had thought them beautiful," she added, with modest hesitation; "but Rolla was never false to her word, and she would have redeemed her promise, or died in the attempt. But you are now safe, thanks to the ministry of sweet Blanche, who acted as your deliverer and guide, and again let me welcome you to my humble roof; for surely you must need rest and refreshments." And, taking him by the hand, she led him into the grotto, and bade him sit by her side. Blanche, now divested of her wings, had arisen from her lowly seat, on the approach of the knight, and stood with her eyes modestly bent to the ground as he stopped, and, taking her trembling hand in his, said:

"Sweet guardian angel; (for by that name I must henceforth call thee, since thou art no more a winged fairy,) to thee, under God, I owe my still mysterious deliverance, a debt not easily acquitted."

"Nay, fair sir, not to me do you

owe such a boon; for I have acted but as the humble slave of my gentle mistress," she answered, in French.

"As my friend, dear Blanche, not as my slave," replied Rolla, kissing her blushing forehead.

"Ah! thou canst speak, then, and French, too?—why, then, thy silence so long preserved?" exclaimed the astonished knight.

"I had vowed it, Messire, till you were safe."

"Vowed!" cried Raoul; "have the infidels vows also?"

Blanche had started at the word "infidel," and Rolla quickly answered:

"Blanche is a Christian like thee, Sir Knight; and when thou art better able to listen, she will tell thee her sad story with her own sweet voice." She clapped her hands, and, at the sound, all her sleeping-maids sprang to their feet, as though by enchantment; and, at another sign, brought refreshments of various kinds, which they presented to the knight. Helped by the beautiful hands of Rolla, at whose feet Blanche had again taken her seat, he broke his long fast, (for he had eaten nothing since the previous morning,) and partook of some luscious fruit, cooled by snow from the distant mountains. But now that the excitement of his extraordinary adventures had somewhat abated, he felt a keen pain from the neglected wound in his side, and involuntarily carried his hand to it. The Moor noticed the movement, and the pallor of his face. "Thou art ill from thy wounds," she said, her sweet face betraying deep concern. "Blanche, dear Blanche, thou art skilled in the healing art, while I can but inflict pain." Blanche had already risen to her feet, and said:

"You know, Sir Knight, that our Holy Mother has ever taught

us that it is the province of women to nurse the sick, and dress the wounds of those who suffer. I am not altogether unskilled, and if you will submit to my care, I will, with her blessing, relieve you of pain."

Raoul, faint from exhaustion and pain, was led to a couch which had been prepared for him, and Blanche, with that beautiful charity only known to the Christian woman, bathed the inflamed wound with a soft sponge, and then placed upon it a preparation of which she had long known the virtue. Rolla knelt by her side the whole time, and murmured: "Sweet Lela Marien has taught thee that. Oh! that I knew her, too."

"Seek her," whispered the Christian, "and thou shalt find her."

The Moor sighed, but did not answer. When Blanche had finished her work of Christian love, Raoul sank into a deep slumber; and, together, the two maidens softly left his side, and strolled in the deep shade of the tall trees. They walked in silence for a while; at last Rolla said: "Lela Marien loves thee well, Blanche, for thou art so good, so perfect; but she would not love me."

"Oh! if thou didst but seek her love, my dear mistress, thou shouldst get thy full share of it," replied Blanche, fervently.

"Call me not by that name: I love it not. Thou, so superior to me in all things, shouldst call me sister. But, say, wilt thou teach me to know her? Once, many years ago, I had an old Christian slave, a native of thy own sweet France, who was, like thee, very good; and she often spoke to me of Lela Marien, the mother of Him she called her God. I had learnt to pray to her, to love her, and to call to her in all my troubles; and it was so sweet to think that I had a beautiful mother in heaven, who

heard my prayers, and watched, with tender care, over me, the poor, feeble, and oft unprotected child. But dear old Julia died, and, surrounded as I was with the stern followers of our prophet—into whose bosoms nothing so sweet could enter, and mingling, as I was taught to do, later, in all our wars against the hated Christians—I had forgotten my beloved Mother in heaven, and treated good Julia's teachings as the mere fanciful wanderings of a feeble mind, and my soul became hardened to the sufferings of my fellow-creatures; but thou, dear sister, hast awakened strange feelings in my bosom. She who can make thee so good, must herself be perfect."

"Oh! she is, indeed, perfect," exclaimed the Christian, with fervour. "God's brightest jewel in heaven! and she will love thee well, too, Rolla; but thou must bend thy knee, also, and adore her Son."

"Her Son, the Christian's Prophet?" inquired the Moor.

"Her Son, thy Redeemer, the only true God," replied Blanche, solemnly.

"And thinkest thou he can forgive one who has so long turned from him, and battled against his people?"

"Like his power, his goodness is infinite. If thou love him, thou art already forgiven. Art thou not also his child? and for thee has he not suffered upon the cross? Raise but thy voice to him, and his arms will be opened to receive thee into his fold."

"What thou sayest fills my soul with hope and joy, dear Blanche; and to-night, when thou sayest thy sweet prayer to Lela Marien, wilt thou let me pray with thee?—her ear, open to listen to thy pure words, will hear mine, and believe them; and she will pray to her Son and God, to receive me as his child."

"But ere thou doest that, dear sister," said Blanche, "thou must resign the service of thy false prophet; for *He* cannot share thy heart with any."

"Often and often have I prayed to the prophet; for my poor heart yearned to commune with its Maker, and we are taught to pray to him through Mahomet. But God heard me not. I have felt no pleasure, no relief from prayers: no voice of His has filled the yawning chasm in the soul. Vainly did I join our men in strife and warfare—vainly did I mingle in the thickest of the battle, earning a fame envied by the fiercest and boldest warriors in our ranks. I had fancied that the love of glory and renown would satisfy my wasting heart; but alas! I now find that I was mistaken. My heart is still a blank; God has turned from me. Why should I still cling to the false prophet, who has promised, and cannot fulfill?"

They walked in silence for a time, and then she commenced again: "Wilt thou teach me, too, thy precious art of nursing the sick, Blanche? Oh! how I envied thy wondrous skill in relieving the sufferings of that brave knight. How grateful he must feel for thy tender care. Wilt thou let me assist thee in thy precious charge?"

Blanche looked at her earnestly, and the Moor, half averting her head, to conceal, perhaps, a blush, continued: "Thou seest I would fain be more like thee. Thou art so good, so gentle, thou wilt not refuse me?"

When next the knight's wounds were dressed, Blanche stood by her, while she knelt at his side, and, with the most tender care, bathed them with the soothing sponge and healing water. Blanche saw the maiden's emotion, when she felt that Raoul's grateful eyes were riveted upon her, and she saw his

fervour, when he took her not unwilling hand and pressed it to his burning lips. She smothered a rising sigh, and turned to the honeysuckle, which entwined the oak at the door, and culled a flower, which she unconsciously pulled to pieces.

"Fair Rolla," said the knight, "thou art as skilled in the science of healing, as thou art in that of inflicting wounds."

"I am but an apt pupil of sweet Blanche."

"Yesterday," continued the knight, looking into her beautiful face, "thou wert the redoubted chieftain with the white plume, or knight of the three crescents, as thou wert called among our warriors, leading on thy fierce and desperate corsairs to the assault, and overthrowing all before thy passage; and to-day I behold thee in woman's most noble occupation, at the bed-side of the sick and feeble warrior, whose life-blood thou hast sought to shed. Truly thou art a strange being."

"Speak not of that," quickly replied Rolla, the rich roses of her cheeks losing their brightness. "I am, indeed, changed. Dragut would scarce know his daughter this day."

"Dragut's daughter!" fiercely exclaimed the knight, half rising from the bed—"thou, the daughter of Dragut, the renegade?"

"Ah!" murmured the Moorish girl, while her large eyes filled with tears, "you hate all that is of Dragut."

Blanche quickly came to her, and, putting her arm around her neck, said, speaking to Raoul: "She is, indeed, Dragut's daughter; but oh! so unlike Dragut."

"Forgive me, sweet Rolla, for having given thee pain; but thou knowest in what respect we hold the renegade."

"Believe me, Sir Knight," she

replied, with her eyes bent to the ground, "my father has been much belied by his enemies; and if some of his actions have been wrong, he has had many provocations from the Christians, who have waged a war of extermination against him and his, and hunted them like the wild beasts; and I could recount deeds of your fellow-believers that would make your blood flow back to its source, in horror, and your head hang in very shame for them."

Before Raoul could reply, Blanche placed her hand upon his mouth, saying: "As your leach, fair sir, I forbid further conversation this evening."

"Then, dear guardian angel, wilt thou please explain to me thy extraordinary appearance in my prison-tent, and by what wonderful means we passed, unmolested, in the midst of the ferocious guards and sentinels, on the skirts of the camp; for I must acknowledge that my disbelief in fairies and enchantment has been strangely staggered of late."

"Promise to remain still, and I will explain all. Know, then, fair sir, that yester-eve, when the rays of the setting sun had entirely disappeared from the tops of the loftiest trees, my fair mistress having disarmed, after the terrible battle in which she had taken such a part, reclined upon the grass and told me of all the great deeds that had that day been performed by the warriors on both sides, which, alas! could but make me weep; for I too plainly saw that the heroic defenders of my faith, attacked by such overwhelming forces and such desperate men, must, ere long, fall martyrs to their cause. She spoke not of her own prowess, which I well knew; but she spoke in admiration of others—of the more than heroic knight, whom the utmost rage and fury of the

assailants could not overcome; and she spoke of the bravest of those heroes, whose battle-cry drove terror into the hearts of her followers, and made them flee ere they had felt the weight of his arm; and she told me but why should I tell thee all she said? There came suddenly upon us a Turkish warrior, named Hassan, whom thou hast, no doubt, observed in battle. Strong, brave and of noble mien, and knightly in his bearing, he leads the flower of the Turkish host, the fierce, but well disciplined Janisaries."

"Aye," said Raoul, "him it was I met in combat, when" a twinge of pain stopt his words.

"The same," added Rolla, "and a braver and better man never lived."

Blanche continued: "True, and worthy of a better cause. You must know, sir, that he alone, with Mustapha and Dragut, of all the Turkish army, has free access into this place, which, although seemingly to you, guarded by enchanted means, is, nevertheless, defended by Rolla's devoted and worthy followers; and none can or dare enter it without her especial permission."

"Ah! and this Hassan is alone admitted?" carelessly observed the knight, and another twinge of pain contracted his handsome features. Rolla blushed slightly at the inference, perhaps, contained in his words, to which she replied that he was well worthy of such confidence. Blanche again resumed her narrative: "Hassan's face, unlike its natural expression of kindness and respect, was now flushed with anger, and his brows contracted; and, with a short apology for his abrupt intrusion, he said: 'Rolla, thou art undone. Thy brave prisoner, who had thy word for his security, has passed from thy hands into those of the fero-

cious Numba, and is doomed to die ignominiously.' These words were hardly spoken, when my mistress, leaping to her feet, and stamping them fiercely, while her large, black eyes flashed with a light not natural to them"

"Pray thee, pass over my foolish passion," here interposed Rolla. But Blanche, heedless of her words, continued: "She exclaimed, 'Who has dared to interfere with my rights over my prisoner? By the holy sepulchre of Mahomet, I will'"

"Hold!" cried the Aga, interrupting her; "swear not an oath—thou mightst not recall—thy father."

"My father!" repeated she, as pale now as she was flushed a moment before. "Impossible! thou art deceived! what of him?"

While Blanche spoke thus, the Moorish maiden had buried her face in her hands, and the heaving of her bosom betrayed the strong emotion under which she laboured. "Listen to me," replied Hassan: "thy father, chafing, no doubt, under the repeated repulses our troops have experienced from yon immortal band of heroes, and pressed by entreaties from Mustapha himself, has been persuaded by the wily words of the black reptile Numba, to deliver the Christian into his cruel hands, and to-morrow he dies."

"He must not—he shall not die!" exclaimed Rolla. "Ah! they little know Dragut's daughter, who have ventured to infringe upon her rights. I will hasten to Mustapha, and if he dares refuse my just demand, I will raise such a storm in the Turkish camp that will make his miserable head tremble upon his shoulders."

"Mustapha dreads the black eunuch, and will not displease him," replied Hassan. "He feels the holy cord tightening around his neck, and has not the courage

to trample it under foot. Our only hope lies in our own strong arms. Thou mayest, no doubt, depend upon a few of thy followers for support, and I can select some three or four of my Janisaries, upon whose devotion I can rely. (The others thirst for the Christian's blood.) With these in the dead of night, we can, with ease, overcome the guard, and bear the prisoner off."

"Ah!" exclaimed Raoul, unable to restrain his feelings, "the brave, the noble fellow; would that I could give him the knightly spurs."

"I like thy plan, my valiant friend," said my mistress; "let us then at once prepare; but, Hassan," she added hesitatingly—"will not thy unruly soldiery wreak their unsatiated rage upon thy head? let me alone strike the blow."

Hassan replied mournfully: "What matters it if they do? Life has no charms for me, nor has death any sting: it is but a black camel which kneeleth at the appointed time at every man's door! When all is darkness within we mount him the more willingly! I go with thee!"

"Oh! how I had prayed our holy Mother in heaven, to her beloved Son, my God, and to His blessed Saints," continued Blanche, raising her eyes to heaven and joining her hands, "to help the brave defender of their faith, who lay bleeding and suffering among the heathens doomed to some awful death; to bless the efforts of the two noble, although misguided beings, who were risking their lives to save his! When suddenly, as though divinely inspired, I, a poor, feeble, unprotected maiden, arose and advancing, said to them: "Valiant Moslem, and thou my beloved mistress, leave to me the care of saving the Christian knight; and believe me, I will do it with more

surety of success than even your bold plan."

"To thee, maiden!" exclaimed Hassan, astonished, "thou wert but as the tender lamb battling to deliver its kin from the jaws of the lion of the desert!"

"Aye! but armed with the power of my God, that lamb can rend the lion's jaws, and force him to give up his victim," I replied, feeling in my heart I know not what superhuman strength. Finally, Sir Knight, I persuaded them to confide, though reluctantly, thy deliverance into my hands; and they fearing dangers that I might not avert, agreed to watch near the camp, to strike a blow, if necessary; and thus thou hast the mystery of the horsemen watching and yet not interfering with our flight explained."

"Now tell us," interrupted Rolla, "of the wonderful means you employed to accomplish your difficult task; for you would not disclose in what manner you expected to succeed."

"I had yet no precise plan arranged in my mind, and trusted to the promised guidance of the holy Virgin. I hoped much from the superstitious fears of the ignorant infidels. Upon leaving you with a trobbing, yet hopeful heart, I found my way to the cell of our good old Hermit of the Hills, whom even thy blasphemous followers have respected. I went to him for counsel in my difficult enterprise, and for his prayers to support me, and that he might prepare me for that death which my purpose made imminent. I found him, Rolla, as thou, who hast been so kind to him, hast always found him: full of the light and wisdom of God, although his mind oft wanders from the things of earth. With his usual benign and peaceful countenance he listened to my plans, and when I had

told him all he spoke thus to me: "My child, a ray of the light from above has, no doubt, been made to descend upon thy head, and thou hast been the chosen instrument of God to deliver, from the hands of the Philistines one he still needs upon earth; nor can I disapprove of the means thou hast proposed to thyself; for although deception of any kind is to be strictly avoided by those who would follow in the footsteps of our Saviour, yet if it has been his holy will to cast a thick shadow over the minds of his benighted enemies, it behooves his servants to put their blindness to profit in their labours for the weal of the church. Therefore, thou wilt go with the blessing of Heaven on thy errand; and that no human means should be left untried to insure success; and lest some of the Philistines should not be deceived by thy stratagem, I will give thee a subtle and miraculous fluid, the secret of which was, by divine favour, made known to a holy monk—a saint now in heaven, whom our sacred order reverence as their holy founder." And the good father reached from a small cell, cut into the walls of his cave, a small case of metal from which he selected a diminutive vial, sealed with substances impervious to air, and filled with a liquid as clear as crystal. His withered and sainted hands blessed it with the holy sign of our redemption, and I, upon my knees, received the blessed water from him, with directions how it should be used. "When thou hast made thy sudden appearance among the astounded guards of our knight, sprinkle, ere they recover, the contents of this vial upon or around them, with a short prayer to our patron saint, and the infidel dogs will lie around thee as helpless as the newly-born babe!"

"Father," I cried trembling, "I

could not thus take the lives of so many beings!"

"Neither wilt thou take their lives, maiden, although being but blood-thirsty infidels and dogs, 'twere meritorious to crush them as we would a serpent. But I understand thy maidenly feeling. They will only lose, through the power of our blessed saint, all control over their own will or actions for a short time; their thews and sinews, which before were rigid and strong, become relaxed and incapable of action of the will or motion of the body, as we see the chords of the harp, when immersed in water, swell, slacken, and respond with no more music to the touch, until dry again, they resume their former elasticity and properties of sweet sounds. They die not, and yet they live not. Life is suspended, and all feeling with it."

"Wonderful!" cried Raoul. "In the hands of wicked men what an agent this would prove!"

"Aye!" replied Blanche, "but thou hast forgotten, fair sir, that its virtue is derived from the blessing of the saint who would withhold it if used improperly!"

"True! true! but continue thy narrative."

"It is now soon told. The wings and dress which caused you to doubt my being a habitant of earth, belonged to one of Rolla's dancing maids. The good hermit led me, in the darkness of night, through the difficult mountain path to the skirts of the Moslem camp. The tent that contained the object of my errand was easily found from Hassan's description. With a throbbing heart and trembling knee, I saw the ferocious eyes and swarthy faces of the astonished guards turned to me as I stood in their midst immovable, and with arms outstretched. Not a word did they speak, nor a finger did they

move; they were spell-bound, transfixed with terror. But I gave them no time to recover, and had scarcely used the contents of the vial ere I saw them droop, lower and still lower, until all laid motionless on the earth. The rest you know as well as I do," she added, with her eyes modestly bent down, while a blush tinged her soft cheek.

Raoul gazed in silence on his lovely companions, scarcely knowing which to admire most: the gentle blue eyed maiden, with golden ringlets, who, bred, as it was evident she had been, under the tender care of high-born Christian parents, in all the luxury of wealth and comfort—could bend her mind without a murmur to her present fate, and her slender, delicate frame to the performance of such a deed of duty as she had just accomplished;—or the gazelle-eyed Moor, the untutored child of nature, who, though nursed in the midst of lawless, cruel, blasphemous pirates, with no tender mother to guide and mould the youthful mind, had yet preserved unsullied the purity of her heart, and an inborn and most exalted and chivalric sense of honour and virtue, worthy of the truest and noblest Christian maiden, which had prompted her to risk life to redeem a promise given to a wounded enemy, doomed to perish in a few hours. He looked with pleasure upon both, but lingered longer upon the Moor—for hers was the look which, in a moment, too painful to recall, had filled his soul with an unutterable and yet attractive melancholy; and each time that his eyes had met hers the feeling had been renewed, until it had become a part of his being, and to gaze into them seemed to him to be drinking at the very fountain of existence.

The next day the knight was better. Rolla had again dressed his

wound, and had devoted more time than usual to the performance of her labour of love, which she, poor child, thought to be but the labour of charity she so much admired in Blanche. She then seated herself by his side, and took up her lute to sing some favourite old air of Andalusia, while her maids sat in groups upon the carpet, or walked about the garden. But she found no pleasure in her song, and soon laid the lute on her lap, and listened to Raoul as he spoke of his distant home. Blanche had strolled into the garden, and sought the walks most shaded by the dense foliage, and freest from the presence of the other maidens; for she wished to be alone, to commune with her God, and to pray for relief from the oppression which weighed upon her heart, and sickened it, in what way she knew not, or perhaps dared not inquire. She had repeated all the prayers of her rosary—her faithful companion in sorrow as in joy—and from which she had often derived comfort, and, having strayed far from the grotto, had turned to retrace her steps, when one whom she too well knew stood before her. His powerful and thick-set frame, short neck, and large head, with shaggy brows shading piercing eyes, could not well be forgotten by one who had been carried off in his arms. At the sudden and dreadful sight, Blanche felt her strength failing; she attempted to flee, but her trembling knees refused to support her, and she felt ready to fall, but by a powerful effort of her will she remained standing, although unable to move.

"Why, maiden, thou tremblest like the dove in the falcon's claws. Am I, then, such a fearful object that the sight of me frightens thee so? Thou art as pale as death itself!"

"Your very . . . sudden . . . ap-

pearance . . . Pray let me pass. My mistress awaits me!" she replied, scarcely knowing what she said.

"Thou wert in no such hurry to get to thy mistress a minute since," he said, laughing. "But I have that to say, to thee, my pretty maiden, which will take but a short time to say."

"Nay, sir!" she replied, "I may not stay; I must away!"

"Thou speakest positively for a slave! Thou shalt remain!" he said, advancing a step towards her. Blanche drew back a step, and laid her right hand upon the jewelled poniard at her side, saying at the same time: "Thy slave I am not, Dragut; and thou shalt not oppose my passage."

"Nay!" said the pirate, chuckling; "Draw not that terrible weapon; it might frighten me;" and then more seriously: "Maiden, I wish not to harm thee; thou hast already suffered much at my hand, and it is my desire to repair the evil I have done."

Blanche replied: "I trust thee not, Dragut! Thou hast been false to thy God; why shouldst thou be truer to his creature?"

The pirate bit his lips till the blood nearly started. "I have told thee true, Christian," he said, "and if I have renounced the man you call your God, 'tis only to adore the true God with my entire heart."

"Blasphemer!" cried Blanche.

"But I have not come to discuss the merits of my faith with thee! Men always get the worst of arguments with women. Listen! I am blunt and plain, and deal not in deceit and lies. Christians themselves grant me that much; and I now tell thee, thy fate is in thine own hands. See now, Dragut, the redoubted, the powerful leader, loves thee, and is at thy feet; thy slave!" and he knelt at her feet, forcibly holding her hand.

Blanche's heaving bosom showed by what terrible emotion her frame was convulsed. At last she found utterance for her words, and looking upon him in contempt, she pronounced deliberately: "Pirate! Renegade! Robber! Murderer!"

Stung to the quick, the corsair arose, exclaiming: "Ah! sayest thou so! Hast thou forgotten that thou art in my power?—the slave to my will?"

Blanche had extricated her wrist from his grasp, and moved back a step; drawing her dagger, and standing, unflinching, before him, she spoke determinedly: "Force me not, Dragut, to use my weapon!"

The Moor laughed hoarsely. "Ah! ah! thinkest thou to turn me with thy bodkin?"

"Nay! miserable man, I would not spill even thy blood; but my God would forgive me if I plunged it into my own heart, to escape dishonour!"

"Wouldst thou destroy thy own life? By Mahomet's beard, I like thy spirit! but fear not; I have told thee thou hadst nothing to dread! I have not told all I would give thee: wealth, such as has never been lavished upon woman, would be thrown into thy lap; diamonds, pearls, jewels, would overflow thy caskets; thou wouldst sit upon a throne of massive gold, such as the Queen of Spain herself would envy, and see at thy feet the fairest cities of Africa, with thy fleet scouring the seas, and dreaded!" —

"A truce upon thy idle words," interrupted the maiden.

"Nay, if thou likest not such power, thou shalt dwell in marble palaces, in gardens of everlasting spring, to which Eden itself would be as nothing. Flowers of the rarest kinds will be common there; birds of the most brilliant plumage will

be brought to sing for thee; thou shalt be served by slaves more beautiful than the houris themselves, and second only to thee; and I, the humblest of thy slaves—I, before whom even the proud King of Spain would tremble—will, upon my knees, offer thee my love—my adoration!"

"This to me, great God!" she exclaimed, looking to heaven, "and I live to hear it!"

He continued: "Tell me, maiden, that thou wilt one day be mine; that thou wilt not always look upon me with hatred; that my passion will be requited; and I will abide thy time: for think not it has but now inflamed me. Know, that since I took thy lifeless body into my arms, upon the coast of Italy, and conveyed thee, a prisoner, to my ship, thy beauteous form, scarce robbed for thy nightly rest, so rudely disturbed; and thy sweet face, so pale, have haunted me—by night, by day, awake or asleep, thou hast ever been before me. I have avoided thee; I have kept from thee; I have struggled manfully with my passion—for I had sworn never more to love woman. But behold me at thy feet, ready to renounce all for thee—wealth, glory, or even Mahomet himself!"

"Renegade," again, said Blanche, contemptuously; "thou wouldst even traffic thy soul."

"Blanche! Blanche!" he exclaimed; "trample me not thus, under foot."

"Go!" she replied, moving off; "I pitied thee before as an inhuman wretch; now I condemn thee! I despise thee as the vilest of thy race."

"Stay!" he cried, in a voice of thunder, which drove the blood from Blanche's heart. "Stay, and hear me to the last. I have offered thee what scarce another woman in the world had refused. Know-

est thou," he added, with his teeth strongly compressed, "that I can compel thee to be mine?"

"Wretch," she replied, "thou canst not! thou mayst kill the body, but my soul is free from thy power! Thy very touch would kill me, like the sting of a venomous reptile! Go! I fear thee not!"

The pirate stamped his feet in his rage, and at last said, in a hoarse voice:

"By the blood of my first victim, bitterly shalt thou repent this, miserable wench! thou hast condemned my offer! I have that in store for thee that will make thy heart shed tears of blood, when thou thinkest of the offer Dragut had made thee! Death were too sweet for thee!"

"I defy thee, Dragut," boldly replied the maiden, "for no lot on earth could be more degrading than to have thy love! May my God have mercy on thee!" and she hastened away to the grotto, pale and trembling.

The corsair remained for a while as though rooted to the spot, with clenched fists and compressed teeth, watching until she had disappeared, when, stamping his foot upon the ground, he muttered: "Yes, by the blood of her who was as beautiful as thou, thou shalt rue thy speech to me! Thou hast yet to learn that none have ever thwarted my will with impunity! And yet," he added, in a softer tone, "she is so beautiful, I could have been so happy!" He mused a short time, and again spoke. "No! no! it must not be! I am justly punished for breaking my solemn oath, never more to love woman. Away pity! away love! turn thou my heart to stone again! Vengeance! terrible vengeance! that sweetest draught from hell, shall satisfy thee, if love cannot! Degraded, despised, she shall pine

away, a mere concubine, in the walls of a harem, and her price shall buy sandals for my feet!" and he laughed hoarsely at the joke.

Dragut, who seldom visited his daughter, had come for the purpose of ascertaining whether the Christian knight had been delivered by her means, and was again in her possession, as he more than suspected. The mysterious disappearance of one so well secured in every way, and surrounded by guards whose fidelity could not be doubted, had struck terror into the hearts of the more superstitious Turks, who had coupled this with the knight's dreaded prowess and supposed invulnerability. A few alone of the best informed suspected human agency, and Numba, the black eunuch, was among these. His rage, upon learning that the hated Christian had escaped his grasp, was beyond conception, and he had vented a share of it upon the unfortunate guard, whose heads had been at once struck off. Their story he so far believed, as to feel confident the prisoner had been rescued by means of a female, who had practised upon the fools' superstition, to walk unmolested in and out of the tent, but that she flew above their heads without touching the earth, and with extended arms had paralyzed their limbs, he treated as inventions of their excited minds, or a story to screen their fault: and with no little sagacity, he at once fixed upon Rolla, the corsair's daughter, as the agent of escape; and had he held her in his power, without the dread of Dragut's anger, there is little reason to doubt she would have shared the fate of the guard. After the summary execution above alluded to, which had required but very few minutes to be completed, Numba had hastened to the commander-in-chief, Mustapha, for an immediate order

that diligent search be made for the Christian in any and every place, as he felt confident he could not have returned to the well-invested castle. He found him consulting with the Mufi upon this extraordinary affair, which had filled them both with awe. The eunuch vainly endeavoured to turn the current of their thoughts from the supernatural to the more probable natural agency. They shook their heads more and more solemnly, and the Mufi even muttered the word, "Unbeliever." The only comfort he could derive from them was, that being a dog of a Christian, the spirit seen was, more probably, one from hell, than one sent from paradise, and had conveyed the prisoner to the former place—the only abode after death for all unbelievers! The enraged Numba saw that he was only losing precious time, and he left the reverend presence somewhat unceremoniously, muttering, between his teeth, as he walked out: "Block-heads!—fools!" His only chance of success now lay with Dragut himself; for, to apply for assistance to the stern, but chivalric, Aga, who had so strenuously opposed the surrender of the prisoner to him, and whom he more than half suspected of having participated in the rescue, was not to be thought of; and although he had taken upon himself to send parties to search the island, he felt a confidence, almost amounting to certainty, that the prisoner was within the walls of Rolla's garden; and such was his dread of the terrible corsair, he dare not attempt anything that could draw his anger upon himself; and it was even with a quaking heart that he made his way to his quarters, to sound him, and win him, if possible, to second the search.

Much to the disgust of the

eunuch, accustomed to be treated by high and low with the utmost reverence and respect, although few entertained those feelings for him, Dragut burst into a loud and disrespectful laugh, as soon as he was ushered into his presence. The wily black bowed his head to the ground, and rising, said: "May the bright smiles of the great Jehovah ever gladden thy heart, as it seems to be at this moment, brave and valiant king of the seas!"

"By the darkest and longest hair in Mahomet's beard, thy black face looks as long as though thou hadst also had a visitation from the beautiful houri last night."

"If the burning light of the western seas—the mighty defender of the true faith"

"Tut, man!" cried Dragut, "a truce upon thy long names; if thou hast ought to say, speak plainly: though knowest I am but a plain man."

"I will then speak to thee as plainly as my tongue can speak. O! bravest of the brave! whose very name strikes terror into the hearts of the cowardly Christians, and makes them flee like the sands of the deserts before the fierce si-rocco"

Dragut frowned till his heavy brows met: "In proof of which," he muttered, "is that miserable fortress tenanted by a handful of spectres, whom we cannot conquer."

The black continued: "Thou hast heard, O! great Dragut, to what indignity thou hast been subjected in the night that has passed?"

"I have heard, most noble eunuch, the sleekest of thy race," replied the corsair, in derision, "that thou hadst been cheated of the sweet morsel thou hadst in store, by some houri from above."

"Noble staff of the faith of Mahomet, upon whose head has been

centered all the wisdom of the great soldan, Solomon, of blessed memory, thou surely believest not a tale fitting to deceive old women in their dotage?"

"And wherefore should I not believe it?" inquired the corsair, affecting a serious air. "Art thou an unbeliever, that thou doubtest the power of the great Prophet to send a houri upon earth?"

"May the blessed Mahomet, the holy prophet of the only true God, cause my flesh to be torn by the fierce beasts of the desert, if I believe not in his exceeding power," replied the black, bending low his head at the mention of the sacred name.

"Why, then, dost thou doubt the truth of the story: I believe it."

"Brave Dragut, I see by the twinkling of thine eye, that thou but mockest me."

The corsair burst into another loud laugh: "Come," said he, "I am tired of all this manœuvring: what wouldst thou with me?"

"That thou shouldst assist me in recapturing the dog, that he might receive his just doom," answered the other.

"And where are we to seek him?—in heaven or in hell?" inquired Dragut, somewhat impatiently.

"In neither; but on the island."

"Ah! I thought thou hadst sent thy blood-hounds into every corner in our possession: wouldst thou go into the Christians' fortresses to hunt him? 'Twere seeking honey in the hornet's nest!"

"There is one spot yet in our possession that has not been searched."

"And that spot?" said the pirate, inquiringly.

"Is the sacred precincts of thy daughter's garden!" answered Numbaba, hesitatingly, and almost frightened at his boldness; but he was

relieved when Dragut quietly answered :

"And that spot, eunuch, thou, or none of thy hounds, shall ever enter!"

"Nay! brave and valiant Dragut; I would not be so bold: but thou! canst thou not?"

"Act as thy spy? . . . Go! thou hast mistaken thy man."

"I pray thee, valiant scourge of the unbelievers," commenced Numba.

"And I tell thee," cried the Moor, in a voice of thunder that sent the blood of the eunuch rolling back to its foul source—"I tell thee that if thou darest to speak my daughter's name with thy forked tongue, I will tear it out by the root, and make thee swallow it, wert thou in the very presence of the Sultan himself! If the girl has been clever enough to get him from thy fangs, she is welcome to him, and shall ransom him at her own price, as she is entitled to do."

"Aye! brave chieftain of the bravest men under the sun: but wisdom enough has been given to thee to know that thy daughter, although the fairest of her sex, and the wisest of women, has yet not experience to know the full value of the prize she has in her power. If thou wouldst treat with thy slave for the Christian's ransom, I will give thee tenfold more than the dog himself can give."

"Ah! now thou art speaking reason," replied the renegade, cooling down, "I can listen to thee with more patience."

"May the blessed beard of the Prophet shade thee in the desert from the scorching rays of the burning sun!"

"May thy grandfather, the devil, blister thy forked tongue with the red hot prongs of his longest fork," cried Dragut, losing patience.—"Speak out, man, if thou hast

aught to offer; else begone! I have no time to waste with the like of thee."

Numba, intimidated by the corsair's tone, explained himself at once, and made a brilliant offer for the restoration of the captive into his hands. The gold of the Sultan's treasury was at his command, and he cared not how he lavished it away for the gratification of a pleasure or a caprice, and bloodshed, cruelty and revenge were the only enjoyments the wretch could endure. Dragut listened patiently to his proposal, but did not accede to nor reject them. He pleaded important business requiring his presence at the batteries, in preparation for the final assault upon San Elmo, etc., and dismissed the black simply with the promise that the next day he would ascertain whether the knight was really concealed in his daughter's garden. Numba left him apparently satisfied; but in his heart cursing the bold corsair, and vowing vengeance if it ever came in his power to wreak it. The truth was, that Dragut cared as little for gold as the black himself; and had he received it, would have distributed it among his followers. He was, also, perfectly indifferent as to the knight's fate, and would have seen him shot off from the mouth of a cannon, with as little concern as he would have liberated him with a moderate ransom; and, it is probable, had the prisoner been in his immediate power, he would have accepted at once the eunuch's offer. But he knew that Rolla had promised protection and good treatment to the Christian, and that she prided herself in never having violated a promise, and his will in this case would be powerless without the use of force and violence, which he was loath to do. He loved her well, and rather encour-

aged her resistance to his will; for he always ended by yielding, and laughing at his own discomfiture; and in this case he felt certain of defeat: hence his reluctance to accept the offer made, without having first ascertained Rolla's disposition. And when Blanche had been surprised by him in the garden walk, he was on his way to see her, and endeavour to compromise the business, although he was greatly embarrassed to determine in which way he would open the negotiations. The sudden sight of Blanche had fired a mine which lay concealed in his bosom; for he had not deceived her, when he said how love had been consuming his heart since the fatal night on which he had carried her off in his arms, nor when he told of his struggles to conquer the passion, or his determination never to reveal or yield to it.

But the sight of the delicate, beautiful being, whom he had so much injured, coming so unexpectedly upon him, had driven from his mind all passed resolutions, as the vapours of the earth are dispelled by the sun, and the impulse to tell his tale of love had been irresistible. When Blanche disappeared, he turned upon his steps and left the garden; for he felt in no mood to undertake another struggle with a woman. Wrath filled his soul, and the thirst for revenge parched his heart. With rapid strides he regained the summit of the hill, which overlooked the beautiful valley. Nunba was there awaiting him: seated upon a high rock, he had been straining his sight in vain endeavours to pierce through the dense foliage which spread at his feet, to catch a glimpse, if possible, of his prey: so the hawk perched upon the tall dead tree, searches with an experienced eye each shrub, each leaf

that might conceal a bird, and patiently bides its time to pounce upon the unsuspecting victim. Dragut passed by without noticing him; Nunba followed, but at a respectful distance—for he saw that some terrible storm raged within that broad chest—and prudence prompted him to be out of reach, lest it burst upon his head. They walked on rapidly in this way for a few minutes, when the corsair suddenly stopped and faced about; the negro drew back a step or two. "Nunba," said the former, "I have that to offer thee that will make thy wicked heart dance with joy?"

"May the blessings of the great Jehovah, and" . . .

"Silence hypocrite," cried the corsair, in a loud voice; "I'll have none of thy talk!—listen in silence." The negro bowed his head almost to the earth.

"In yonder grove, where thy keen scent has tracked a noble stag, and in which thou dardest not enter, lies concealed a gazelle of wondrous beauty: her eyes of heaven's own hue, surpass in sweetness aught thou hast ever seen, yet scarce equal the smile that plays upon her ruby lips. Her hair would shame, in fineness, the spider's web, as it rolls in golden ringlets upon her snowy shoulders; and her form, tall, slender and graceful, is like that of those beings with which a fertile brain has peopled Mahomet's paradise, of which we hear, but never see; a thing of heaven, too light, too perfect for earth. Ah! thy small eye twinkles at the thought of a quarry thou mayst not enjoy! Thou art like the faithful hound, that howls in joy on the trail of game he chases for his master? It is a prize which, offered to the Soldan, will raise thee to unheard-of eminence; nothing that he has

ever beheld can compare to this jewel which I now give him," and his voice became hoarse and faltering as he added—"for her purity is as immaculate as her loveliness."

The delighted eunuch commenced again: "May the sublime" . . .

"I'll have none of thy thanks, dog," fiercely interrupted the corsair; "when thy sailing time has arrived, she shall be delivered into thy hands; until then, speak of her at thy peril."

"Brave Dragut, thou hast said nothing of the Christian knight," the black ventured to say.

"Is not one victim, such as I give thee, sufficient to satisfy thy appetite? but thou shalt have the other too."

"May the mighty God of Mahomet shower his love upon thy head, and give thee everlasting joy and happiness," almost unconsciously cried the delighted Numba.

"Silence! speak no more to me, at thy risk," replied Dragut, clenching his fists, and then he muttered to himself: "Love!! Happiness!!! God! . . . empty words that fill the brains of fools! Vengeance, hatred, strife; food for the brave man's heart. Hell itself can offer no better fare."

The command so peremptorily given was not to be disobeyed, and the two arrived at the camp, and separated on their different errands.

The following day had been appointed by the leaders of the Turkish army—foremost among whom was Dragut—as the time for what they doubted not would be the final attack upon the devoted castle. The exhausted and half-starved garrison had been kept on the alert the whole day by false attacks and unceasing cannonading from new batteries which had been erected and ranged with great skill

under Dragut's direction, the sad effects of which were soon felt by the Christians, who were unable to reply, from want of sufficient ammunition. The whole long day did this terrible firing continue; and Raoul, from his distant bed, heard the regular booming of the heavy guns; and as sound after sound reached his ear, he tossed upon his couch, scarce able to contain himself, and in his agony of mind, drops of perspiration trickled down his forehead. The sun had set when Rolla stole by his side, while her maids sat on or about the threshold of the entrance. The roses of her cheeks had fled and she was very pale. Raoul heard the rustling of her dress, and turning, said: "Art thou here, Rolla?—methought thou, too, had gone to slay my brothers."

"Nay! I could not fight your brave comrades," she replied.

"But yesterday you spoke not thus," observed the knight.

"I knew them not till I saw you," answered the maiden, the blushes suddenly returning to her cheek. "To day I would give my life's blood to save them from their impending fate. The attack takes place to-morrow."

"Oh! and what would I not give to go and die to-morrow with them?" exclaimed de Kergolet. "Indeed, indeed, I must go!"

"Thou? thou canst not!" quickly said Rolla, again becoming deadly pale. "Thy wounds forbid thy moving; I could not consent."

The knight took her cold hand, which she did not endeavour to extricate, while she half turned her head from him. He looked into her face for a few seconds, and then said: "Sweet Rolla, I fear the wound of the heart keeps me chained more strongly than those of the body! Rolla, when thou art away from me my soul is dark—

my life is a burden. Just now each sound from yon cannons was like a death knell upon my heart. I lay upon this couch restless, tossing, unable to endure my own thoughts. See! the drops upon my brow are still undried, and I prayed for relief from above. You came to me; the very rustling of your dress was to my soul as oil upon the troubled waters. Rolla, I love thee as mortal has never loved; turn not thy sweet face from me; look upon me once more with those divine eyes, that I might know thou hatest me not! Oh! thanks, thanks, that was kind in thee;" and he pressed her unresisting hand to his lips again and again.

She arose and said: "Sir Knight, this agitation, this excitement, might hurt you; I must leave you!"

"Say not so, sweet one, thy presence is life to me; 'tis like food to the famished, like drink to the thirsty; leave me not yet."

"Indeed, indeed, I must," she replied, much agitated.

"Tell me then, ere you go, tell me that you do not hate me, that my love will perhaps be one day requited; for thou art no heathen—none was ever so pure, so perfect; and a Christian can love thee without shame or sin. Say but one word of hope."

Rolla, as pale as death, had again sank upon the seat from which she had just arisen. The knight retained her hand. At last she looked into his face and whispered—"Raoul, thy love is more precious to me than existence," and she buried her face upon the side of his pillow and wept like a child; then, looking up into his face, she added: "But when I think of thee, there is a weight here," pressing her hand to her heart, "which oppresses me, I cannot say how or why."

"Now dearest, think of nothing save the happiness thy words have given me," exclaimed the knight.

"I am very happy too," she said, "and will go to pray to Lela Marien for thee, as I have done before, and that she might relieve this oppression upon my heart. Now fare thee well."

"Stop! one minute more," cried Raoul, but she was gone.

The terrible cannonading continued uninterruptedly; minutes rolled by, hours came and went, and sleep had not visited the knight's pillow. He thought of the beautiful creature who had just left his presence; her eyes were before him, and her words were oft repeated in his mind, each time seeming sweeter than before. But still the booming continued, every shot sending a pang to his heart to break the thread of his pleasant thoughts. Once from exhaustion he fell asleep, but fearful dreams disturbed his slumber; processions of his spectral comrades, with blood gushing from ghastly wounds, and eyes glazed, passed before him in battle array, and pointed to the shattered ramparts behind which were seen the grim faces of turbaned demons, and beckoned to him to follow, and he started up with his battle cry upon his lips. Then his restlessness became intolerable, his bed unendurable. Excitement gave him strength, and he arose and stepped into the garden, hoping that the fresh air would cool his fevered blood. The stars shone brightly above head, but the moon had not yet appeared; the air was balmy and pleasant, and a sweet breeze played among the leaves, and refreshed his burning forehead. He followed the first walk before him, and soon found himself upon the margin of the beautiful lake he had seen before. He stopped to admire how peacea-

bly and placidly its quiet bosom reflected the gay twinkling of the stars, while his, disturbed by that terrible booming, could no where find peace or rest. After a little he continued his walk along the shores, and had not proceeded very far when he became aware of some white object dimly visible in the road before him; upon approaching it he thought it resembled a human form, perhaps a statue, for it was stationary. A little closer and he became certain it was a woman kneeling, with her head and arms resting upon a marble seat. But she seemed unconscious of his presence. He touched her gently upon the shoulder; the figure leaped up and cried:

"Who art thou?—approach me not."

"Why, Blanche, is that you?" asked the knight.

"Oh! sir, how you frightened me," pressing her hand to her throbbing heart. "I thought it was" and she paused; "but, thank God, it was not."

"But, thou, sweet guardian angel, thou wert asleep?"

"I believe I was: I cried myself asleep. I will go in now—it must be late."

"Poor child! and what made thee weep? Take thou my arm, I will support thee until we reach the grotto: thou tremblest like the aspen."

Blanche sighed, scarce knowing it, and replied: "I was praying for our brave knights of San Elmo, and I wept to think of their doom; I was praying for thee and I wept too."

"And didst thou weep because I was not there to share their fate?"

"Oh! no! no! no! I would not have thee share their fate. God himself removed thee, against thy will, from the doomed place: he

wants thee elsewhere," replied she, fervently.

"Thinkest thou so? Each discharge of those awful guns has been a reproach upon my soul; hence my restlessness and presence here. I should be there."

"Not there," answered Blanche; "you could but die there; but yonder, in San Angelo, thou art wanted."

"Aye, cheerfully would I go, were I free."

"Free! and what holds thee?"

"My word as a knight and prisoner: thou knowest how sacredly we hold our word."

"Art thou not Rolla's prisoner? She will not hold thee if thou wilt go, for she loves thee much;" and she paused an instant, then continued: "Yes; she loves thee, and is worthy of all thy love. But honour calls thee, and Rolla would not love thee didst thou turn from honour."

"Yes; thou art truly my guardian angel; thou art right, I must go to-morrow; but San Elmo is my destination," answered the knight.

"Not there! not in San Elmo," quickly replied Blanche; "twere a useless sacrifice of thy precious life: live to serve thy God!—live for Rolla's sake! Again I tell thee, she is worthy of thy love, and she is almost a Christian. Go to San Angelo and the infidels will never take it."

"And thou, Blanche—could I leave thee here in the midst of their host, like a dove among the hawks? Go with me to the Christian town where thou wilt find women of thy creed to dwell with, and brave hearts to defend thee! But . . . Rolla" . . . he added, hesitatingly.

"Yes, she needs me here; I cannot, I will not leave her. When thou art gone, I will be with her; I will teach her to know our holy

religion, and I will try . . . I will speak of thee to her!"

"Blanche, thy hand trembles and is icy cold! Blanche, art thou a woman, or truly an angel from heaven?"

"Tis nothing; only a chill that passed through my heart. I would ask thee a favour," she added, her voice becoming tremulous.

"A favour!" repeated de Kergolet. "Is there aught in this world I would not do for thee?"

"When you return among the Christians, seek the old and noble Count de Castellane, who, if still alive, is in their ranks, and tell him his daughter lives yet to love him."

"Thou the daughter of the Count de Castellane, one of the proudest names of France? but I knew thou wert noble and high-born. I know thy father well."

"Tell him, then, of his child," said Blanche, with tears in her eyes.

"And what will he think of me to leave thee here. It cannot be. Lady, you must go with me."

"Tell him that I am in safety with the loveliest, the best of women, who can and will protect me; that I may not yet go to him, but will soon return, when I will bring thee thy Christian bride. His happiness will be great when he learns that I live; for he loved me well."

"Ah! who would not love such a daughter—such a sister?"

Blanche sighed and continued: "Now we part, Sir Raoul, till we meet again in better times . . . or in heaven! Wherever you go, remember that poor Blanche's prayers are with you, and if" . . . she paused, her eyes brimming with tears.

"And if what? dear sister," he inquired, with much feeling. "Speak to me: what wouldst thou

say? Am I not as a brother to thee?"

"If thou shouldst hear . . . If my God has destined me to severe trials, and thou shouldst hear no more of me, oh! pray that I might bear them with Christian fortitude, and believe that my soul has returned unscathed to its Maker."

"Why such cruel forebodings, Blanche? I could not, I must not leave thee if there be danger."

"Forgive me; I have, perhaps, yielded to a foolish superstition, or . . . but farewell! to-morrow I pass in prayers for the brave souls that will be ushered into eternity."

"Sweet Blanche, thou hast indeed been a sister, a guardian angel to me," cried the knight, pressing the cold and trembling hand to his lips.

"Farewell!" added Blanche—"may God be with thee!" and she left him. She retired to her room, and, by the light of the rising moon, she saw the Moorish maiden asleep, and stooped to gaze upon the graceful form and lovely face. She leaned over and kissed her lips: a sweet smile lit upon them, and they murmured the name "Raoul." Blanche threw herself by her side, and wept until sleep brought relief to the weary heart. The morrow came. Would that we could blot out all remembrance of that dreadful day! 'Twas the last of San Elmo!! The knight had early sought his Moorish mistress, and had told her what honour and duty required of him. Pale and unhappy, she had listened to his tale, and she too well understood the dictates of the code of chivalry to doubt that he was right; but, like the drowning person, clinging to a straw, hoping against hope, she offered some objections, "But thy wounds are unhealed; thou art not strong; I could not consent."

"Nay, dearest, thanks to the

tender nursing I have received from thee and from sweet Blanche, I am now able to bear my armour and wield my sword."

"But thou art a prisoner of war: thou mayst not return ere the war is over."

"I am thy prisoner, and, upon my knee, I implore thee to let me go where duty calls me. Thou wouldst not have a stain upon my fair name?"

"A stain upon thy name!" cried the maiden, with a smile of triumph upon her face; "that were impossible. Go then where honour calls thee: go! though it rends my heart to say the word." And she added, with much sadness: "So happy last night: to-day so miserable! It was very short."

"Sweet, dearest Rolla," said the knight, taking her hand, "our cruel separation is but for a short time. Ere many days are passed, this war will be ended: perhaps to-morrow our succours may come, and then I will claim thee as mine—mine, forever; and thou wilt come to me, with Blanche, never more to part."

She turned and looked into his face at these words, and a smile of pleasure lit her eyes for an instant. It was but a flash, and then she said: "Raoul, if thou goest from me this day, we part forever! I feel that here," placing her hand upon her heart, "which tells me I will never see thee more!"

"Think not so, dearest; 'tis but the pangs of parting. Oh! Duty, what doest thou ask of me?"

"But thou canst not go till night," said Rolla; "thou wouldst be intercepted by our men, who fill the island. Thou wilt remain till night, wilt thou not?"

"I believe thou art right," he replied; "'twere better to wait until then."

"One more bright day," murmured Rolla, thankfully; "then one long, eternal night!"

"Nay, loved one; speak not thus despondingly of our bright future. Our holy religion, which thou, too, wilt soon learn to know, teaches us to hope ever, and not to yield to evil forebodings. Let us walk around this beautiful lake, and I will tell thee of thy future home: of places different from, though not so beautiful as thy own sunny land—but yet full of charms and romance; of snow-clad hills and rich meadows, with the lowing cattle and playful lambs; of broad rivers, whose flowing waters are frozen into stone, with blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked maidens, and loving lads, skating and dancing upon their smooth surface; of wintry nights, when the freezing blast sweeps its rain of ice over the land, and, tapping at the windows, bids the loved circle draw nearer the spacious hearth and huge oaken fire, and tell tales of chivalrous deeds, of fairy lands and haunted castles."

"And does not this fearful cold, which turneth water into stone, and the sweet drops from heaven into ice, freeze the source of love, and turn hearts, too, into stone?" inquired Rolla. "Methinks love in your Northern climes must be cold and calculating. Here it is ardent, and fills the soul which it consumes, when not refreshed by the presence of the loved object."

"Think not so, dearest; for ours is the land of true and never-dying love."

"And thou wilt still love thy poor Moorish maiden when thou returnest among the bright-eyed and noble maidens of thy home?"

"Couldst thou doubt me, Rolla?"

"Oh! no; to doubt thee would be to die! Here we love unto death."

"Believe me, none are so fair as thou art, and none so worthy of love."

"Oh! 'tis delightful to hear thee speak thus. And wilt thou some time think of one who loved thee as none there could ever love thee?"

"Nay! thou wilt be there, thyself, the pride and joy of my heart—the brightest jewel at the gracious court of Brittany. By high and low, thou shalt be proclaimed Queen of many tournaments, in that land of chivalry and beauty; and our gay minstrels will sing of thy past deeds, which will shame those of many of our brave knights, and praise to the world thy unequalled beauty and virtue. And many a valiant knight will break a lance for thee, and, with all respect, lay the crown at thy feet, envying, perhaps, the precious boon Heaven, in its goodness, has been pleased to bestow upon its unworthy servant."

Rolla shook her head, sadly, whilst a shudder passed over her frame.

"What ails thee, dearest?" inquired Raoul.

"'Tis nothing," she replied, smiling. "I have heard it said, that when a person walks upon the spot which is to be a grave, a cold chill strikes the heart of the one that will be there. Perhaps thy feet pressed the sod which will cover thy Rolla!"

"Oh! Rolla, dearest, thou wilt break my heart if thou speakest so sadly."

"Can I be gay, when thou leavest me so soon? But, forgive me, Raoul, I grieve thee: I am unworthy of thee. Speak to me again of thy

happy home; thy words are like music to my ear. I will be more cheerful."

The day sped, oh! how quickly, with the lovers. A friendly breeze had sprung from the hills, and swept from them all sound of the dreadful conflict that raged upon and around the ruins of the devoted castle of San Elmo; and Raoul, hearing nothing, hoped that the sacrifice was yet postponed a day. But with night came tidings that all was over—that San Elmo was as a thing that had been, and that the few defenders it contained in the morning had perished to a man, striking to the last. Great was his grief at hearing this sad news, which was not, however, unexpected, and he longed to join the garrison of San Angelo, to shed his blood again in defence of the Cross, and avenge his late comrades. The time had now come for him to leave, and Rolla, though pale, showed no sign of weakness, nor of the desolation which filled her bosom. The knight's armour and sword had been brought to him by some of the maids, and she had also armed herself, for the purpose of escorting him until he reached a place of safety. We will not follow them in their sad journey. Few words were spoken—for their hearts were too full to give utterance to their feelings—until the very last moment, when the anguish in Rolla's heart overcame her resolution, and she yielded to it for one moment; but her strong will soon conquered, and, tearing herself from her lover, she cried: "Farewell forever!" and hastened away.

MATTERS AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

MY DEAR RUSSELL,—

If you have any room in your columns for a sermon on matters and things in general, here is one at your service. I am not often in the Queen City of the South, and live very much alone with my own thoughts in my solitary retirement among the swamps, nor am I much oppressed with the cares of business. In fact, I lead rather an idle life, and many would imagine that I am just in the situation of a man capable, every month, of sending you an article of twenty pages at the least. But, my dear fellow, they who suppose such an absurdity betray their own ignorance. Solitude is not the best school of thought, and it is a miserable school for wordiness. We pass our time very much in reverie, and fancy it is thought; but when one asks us the subject of our thoughts we are dumb. In fact, no thought has passed through the brain, but merely a crude collection of ideas. Books, too, might appear to furnish a constant resource against *ennui* and perpetual sources of thought. There again you betray your ignorance. The solitary seldom, if ever, reads, and when he reads he only dreams, while another guides his fancy. The only true readers and writers, (in this country at least,) are those whose time is fully occupied with other subjects; who have hardly a moment to spare, and who fly to their pen or their book to obtain relief from the pressure of urgent business; as

I am alone then, how can I read; as I have no business, how can I write? and yet here am I pledged to give you an article on matters and things in general? Have I not, by the very choice of my subject, warned all students of Dr. Whately that I shall not have much to say? that my subject is too copious to admit of copious detail, and that I must break down from the fact that my theme will have gone so far aloft, by its own intrinsic lightness, that I shall never be able to descend to the level of the paper on which I propose to write? *Nous verrons.*

Why is it that men use a foreign phrase in preference to its equivalent in English? I remember (when you and I were boys) old father Ritchie, of the Richmond Enquirer, was so fond of attaching these mystic words at the end of his prognostic articles, that a very honest gentleman, who did not understand French, supposed it was the signature of one of the editors, and used to be always on the lookout, whenever he opened the papers, for Mr. Verrons' articles. Many an ingenious theory has been built on worse foundations, though it was Mr. Ritchie's private opinion, when he heard of the mistake, that the man who did not know the meaning of *nous verrons*, could not have any great quantity of *nous*. The last word ought to be written in Greek characters; but if it were, it might be misunderstood by your lady readers, and I have the old

rustic prejudice against doing, writing or saying anything that might make the dear creatures uneasy.

How many a rustic gentleman still feels himself called upon, whenever he meets a lady, to wreath his countenance with smiles, to bend his person in a lowly bow, and teach his tongue to utter complimentary speeches. Does a really sensible woman like this sort of homage? Is it not one way of asserting the inferiority of woman? I once witnessed an interview between a lady and a distinguished citizen of this State—one who had inherited wealth, reputation, name and politeness from a long line of courteous and refined ancestors. The lady had a name and descent as good as his own, and sustained herself with gravity and decorum; but as soon as the gentleman had left her, she turned to an intimate companion and inquired, "Who is that horrid man? He has suffocated me with his compliments." I heard the comment, and looked with a pitying gaze at the horrid creature. But he had discharged his duty, and was looking for another victim, walking about the room in the gratified consciousness of having fully supported the *prestige* of politeness which attached to his name and family.

My fellow rustics will then ask (those of the old school, I mean), how then are we to behave to ladies, if you eschew compliments! What the deuce are we to say to them? Why, what would you say to any rational being that you met? Talk sense to them; talk about the weather, if that is the only thing that comes uppermost; talk crops; talk politics; talk servants; talk anything but compliments; and

do not commit the great ganderism of supposing that a sensible woman is otherwise than disgusted at a palpable effort to pay a compliment.

Now, mind, I draw a line of distinction between a polite complimentary speech and a flattering one—not that I would insinuate that flattery is particularly disagreeable to ladies—far from it. I like it myself—I suspect all men love it. I should be pleased to see it asserted in the newspapers, that this is the very best paper that has ever appeared in the Magazine—not that I believe it, but it is pleasant to know that somebody has said so—it matters not whether he thinks so or not; it is enough that he has said it; I become at once a friend of that ~~man~~ *person*. I have heard some persons say, they hate flattery. I don't believe it. I know I like it; and I do not think my human nature very different from the human nature of other men.

When I was a very young man I entertained a deeply-rooted prejudice against a gentleman who was then prominent, and has since become much more so. Accident made it my duty, as a matter of common hospitality, to invite him to turn in and spend the night in my humble dwelling. He accepted the invitation—in truth he had no alternative but to stop with me or travel all night. Fortunately he did not know me, nor my prejudices. As we rode together to my house, I inwardly bemoaned my sad condition, at having to spend so much time in his company, at the same time playing the agreeable. But my guest appeared to see through me. He detected every weakness, and he laid on his flattery, not delicately. He

used no trowel, but a good spade; and every hodfull made me better pleased with him. We parted, excellent friends, and have remained so to this day. But I knew he was flattering me. It was not what Sam Slick elegantly calls soft sawder, that he used, nor what the Yankees call soap, that he applied. He poured the raw material, in rich profusion, over my head, drenched me thoroughly with it, and at every turn of the bucket, my heart called earnestly for more. You dislike flattery, do you? Tell that to the marines. Are you old enough to remember where I got that phrase from?

But flattery is one thing, indiscriminate praise is another. This is, I think, the prevailing vice of the day in the papers of our Queen City. If anything is noticed, it is only to be praised. Censure seldom, if ever, escapes the pen of an editor. To what is this owing? Is it from the fear of giving offence? or is it the result of universal benevolence? or is it because it is felt that something must be said, and that it is more easy to use the stereotype expressions of approbation in general terms, than to show judicious criticism by finding fault. I know that to praise justly, requires a higher degree of critical taste, than to find fault; but general praise is easy, and carries no responsibility; whereas, if a fault is found, the censurer may be challenged for his opinion. Now, this habit of indiscriminate praise is carried to such an extreme, that it is really worth nothing.

Sometimes I open a country paper, and I find that the editor has received the last number of Russell's Magazine, and finds it fully up to the mark of its pre-

decessors—perhaps it is the best of the series. Do you think, Mr. Editor, that there is anything green in my eye? Do I not know precisely what you mean by all this Blarney? Why, it means simply this, that you have not read one page of the Magazine, and that you know nothing about it. If you would show us that you know anything about it, point out the merit of the paper you approve, and show a little dissent from that which you dislike. One must have a most catholic taste who finds everything good in a magazine.

I confess it riles me, as the Yankees say, to see how the good people of the city submit to impositions, nay, appear pleased to be imposed upon. A few years since, in one of my visits to town, I found it all agog with delight at a wonderful exhibition of a religious nature—(God save the mark)—no less than the panorama of the Bible. Now, I have no fancy for panoramas, but my little nieces and nephews insisted that their old uncle should take them to see this great moral and instructive picture; so I gathered a host of Lilliputians and devoted an afternoon to our common religious improvement. It happened to be an afternoon on which Sunday-schools were to be regaled, and I found several young Levites marshalling their little charges, in order to march up to the show-room, in a sort of church-militant order. I found a grave, reverend-looking gentleman, with well-shaven face, long thin hair carefully combed back from his brow, in a dress of comely black, who walked with great gravity about the room—the hierophant of the occasion. He welcomed the little dears who

had come to be delighted and instructed; told us what a solemn scene we were about to witness; and, for a while, I expected that he would invite us to join in prayer. He did not go so far as this, but his thoughts took a more mundane course; he advised the little dears to purchase the description of the panorama, and the reverend sinner actually went about the room exchanging his little books for their precious dimes. My little ones were anxious to buy too; but I thought that it would be enough to hear his descriptions, when the scenes were presented, and that it would be useless to buy the description, unless we bought the panorama too. I got sight of the book which the old humbug was selling, and found that it consisted of nothing else but passages from the Book of Genesis, which the pictures were intended to illustrate. After he had sold as many as he could, the show began. This was, perhaps, worse—certainly not better—than other shows of the kind; but I could see nothing in it which warranted the title of panorama of the Bible, except that a venerable humbug stood near the scenes, and at each shifting, rehearsed a passage from Genesis. But the name was every thing. The city press regarded it as a great moral lesson; and, I dare say, every Sunday scholar went to bed that night, fully convinced that he had made large progress in holiness, particularly those who had exchanged their dimes for those precious extracts contained in their yellow-covered pamphlets.

I like to emerge from my swamp, sometimes, and breathe the humanizing air of the town; but I have not reached that de-

gree of civilization that I can come to town to breakfast and return to dine at home. I like, when in town, to walk about the streets, to gaze in at shop-windows, to lose myself in admiration of the wonders of King-street. I am not unwilling to be recognized as a cracker; and I find that my rustic air is not a disadvantage, for I find that the negroes give me the wall, whilst they do not hesitate to take it from the more fashionable looking gentleman. If they don't respect my coat, they do the sturdy staff which I bear; and I fancy they see that in my face which teaches them that it is all the police-officer I care to have. When I pay my semi-annual visit to town, I like to select an occasion when something is to be seen, so that I may have somewhat to think of on my return to my solitude. So, not being anything of a mechanic, I fancied a visit to town during the exposition of the Institute, would furnish me with something to think of. Well, I went last fall, and saw the show just long enough to be thoroughly confused. It lasted three days, and was then closed. Three days! Was that splendid hall given to the Institute for the purpose of showing, for three days, all the industrial objects of the country? Why, it would take more than three days to enable an unpractised eye to begin to see; but so it was. At the end of three days the exhibition was over. And why was it closed so soon? Because the female branch of the Young Men's Christian Association desired to take that opportunity of holding a fair!—a fair to raise money to furnish the lazy male Christians a pleasant lounging place. Oh, woman! lovely,

weak, inconsistent woman! how dare you rail at the follies of mankind!—you foster them by every generous and self-denying art, and yet you rail at them. There is my precious old wife, who will deny herself a pair of gold spectacles, because she cannot afford it—who will turn and re-turn her silk dress until it is actually worn out, because she knows I can ill spare her a new one; and yet, if the dear old soul finds that I have forgotten to buy my quarterly allowance of a thousand cigars, she goes, at the last moment, and expends for it the very fifty-dollar bill which I had given her to lay out in some valuable presents for her poor sister's little girl. I do not like to confess, but I will whisper to you in confidence, that sometimes I do purposely forget these cigars, and yet would be sadly disappointed if they were missing from our parcels. And would you believe it, the dear old girl has the effrontery, sometimes, to twit me with that horrid practice of using tobacco? If she really thinks it a horrid practice, think you she would rob herself of her little sacred treasures to procure the dirty rolls for me. Here, now, we have the Christian young women toiling, and smiling, and trafficking to put up a nice comfortable room, to entice the Christian young gentlemen to absent themselves from home. And only see what magic there is in a name! These gorgeous decorations for a fortnight's frolic are made by ladies, who would tremble with dismay at the thought of entering a ball-room or a theatre. And that careful, anxious mother, who would be heart-stricken all night if her son or husband should cross

the threshold of the gambling house, aids the cause of religion by buying for her little ones a chance at a holy grab-bag; and many a lady sickens at the very name of Fanny Fern, who had perused with pious satisfaction, the little sheet which was issued as a memorial of the occasion, and the sale of which swelled the coffers of the new club-house.

Ah, my old friend, I fear we are very much governed by names. The good people, on this occasion, did pretty much what is done by persons who do not pretend to be good; but the prefix of Christian to everything sanctifies it; and let us devoutly hope, that the child who has been taught piously to cast his dimes into the chance of a religious grab-bag, will turn with holy horror from the sinful seductions of a lottery or a gaming table. But this is a subject that I leave to the clergy. Let them see to it.

And now that I mention the clergy, why is it that they mix so little with men?—why is it that, as soon as a clergyman enters a company of gentlemen, every one moves himself a little, adjusts something that he fancies wrong about his person, and suddenly puts himself upon his good behaviour? Can a man be really useful, who thus inspires a sort of awe? Whose fault is it?—that of the laity or the clergy? My young friend Solomon, whom I knew and loved as a boy—who always spent his holidays at my house, and looked up to me as a sort of half-venerable personage—has taken orders. Why should I treat Solomon differently from his brother Absalom, who is his elder, who also had the run of

my house, and who still likes to run up whenever he can get away from his business. Absalom knows that, because I do not rise from my arm-chair to meet him, when he comes after I have dined and am blowing my afternoon cloud, he is not the less welcome. He calls for his dinner, eats it when it is served, and, if time permits, he runs out to take as much of the country air as he can. But when I treat Solomon with the same careless kindness, he frets under it; and the jests which formerly made him roar with delight, now seem only to elongate his face. When I reproved him for the inordinate length of his sermon, he was displeased, and more than hinted that it was my place to hear, and not to criticise. Does Solomon imagine that I am to yield the sermons which the experience of fifty years have fastened in my head, to his scholastic gleanings at a seminary? He stands in the pulpit, and I sit on the floor; but there are many things in his own profession which, if he were wise, he might learn from me—and one of the most important lessons which I could teach him is, that he is, like myself, a man, with the same frailties, the same infirmities, and in need of the same watchfulness as myself. This he would learn if he would consent to associate with men on equal terms; but this he will not do. He goes, therefore, to the ladies, and the dear creatures feed him with flattery until he becomes perfectly flatulent.

The most delightful companions I know, are the few clergymen—who do not exact from you the treatment due to ladies. When you find such, you are sure to find sense, breeding,

knowledge, true experience and the best conservators of decency and propriety. These men exert a direct influence over society—for they constitute a part of it; but the others are neither in society nor out of it. They stick to the women; but at times they must not enter even their sanctum; and when they are thus driven to the men, they are uncomfortable themselves, and make everybody else equally so. A practical knowledge of human nature, gained by an easy and familiar intercourse with men, is, perhaps, as valuable to a clergyman as any portion of his didactic theology.

They associate with men in Christian associations. And here, I think, they commit an error. In all religious movements, the clergy naturally ought to lead. These associations aim at taking the lead from the clergy, and placing it in the hands of the laity. The clergy may find, for the present, an apparent increase of zeal and of power; but the end will inevitably be, that they will find themselves, at last, completely enthralled by the lay power.

What is the use of separate church organizations, if Christian associations are to be scattered over the land? On what principle can the Churchman and the Baptist preach their exclusive doctrines to their congregations on Sunday, if, on Monday, they are expected to meet on the Catholic platform of perfect toleration of all discordant views? Some may suppose that this association is the promoter of general harmony among all religionists. Such persons mistake effect for cause. It is the general spirit of harmony

which has permitted and fostered this association. It is merely the exponent of the religious sentiment, by no means the promoter of any sentiment of general forbearance. I understand that they repudiate all connection with Unitarians and Roman Catholics. If this is true, is it not a virtual abandonment of the principles of Christian charity, and a resolving themselves into a lay school of Eclectic Theology? However reasonable it may be that our churches should be consecrated to the exposition of certain characteristic religious dogmas, it is the height of presumption to refuse association, out of the church, with one whose metaphysics may not square with our own. We all equally recognize Christ as the Head and Source of our religious faith. How can I dare refuse the hand of Christian fellowship to him whose opinions differ from mine respecting the nature of his mysterious connection with the Father? or, with him who, whatever its errors may be, still clings, with fond devotion, to the old church which preserved the Christian faith through the stormy period of the breaking-up of the Roman Empire and the restoration of Modern European civilization? Religious differences are the means by which, in this country, religious instruction is to be disseminated. As the whole system is voluntary, if all of us belonged to the same church, the church would, probably, soon perish for lack of interest among the laity. But we attach ourselves to the maintenance of a set of opinions, and the spirit of party animates us to contribute to its support. As soon as the spirit of universal toleration

finds its way into the churches, the religious sentiment will die out; and if this is to be the result of Christian associations, surely no one can congratulate the country on their establishment.

Now, though I would like to see our young Levites mix more with men, and learn to give and take, with gentlemanlike courtesy, the ball of social intercourse, as it passes freely about; yet I must do them justice in other respects—I love the veneration which they hold for their order. Who ever saw a Southern clergyman abandon his profession for another? I speak not of those cases in which they have become teachers; for that, I hold, is one of the appropriate callings of the order. How different, in this respect, from their Massachusetts brethren! I verily believe there are few distinguished men in that State who did not begin their career as clergymen. You and I remember when Mr. Everett was as good in the pulpit as he has since become in the Capitol and the lecture-room. Bancroft, Sparks, Palfrey and the Emersons, were all, I believe, clergymen. What a temptation must their career prove to young men in the profession, to make their pulpits the steps to political and civil honours! and what odd associations must arise in the minds of every congregation, where a young preacher gives indications of more than ordinary ability! Our more conservative spirit makes the clergy more respectable. Protestant as we are, we have virtually retained the sacrament of ordination, and I pray that we may forever retain it.

We make a great fuss about

what we call talent—we are so fond of excitement, that we are ever on the look-out for something to feed it; and if a speaker indulges in a few extravagances, we follow him as if he were a Cicero. Did it ever occur to you that all of our most successful churches have been built up by men who were not conspicuous for ability in the pulpit? Your splendid men are like lightwood: they blaze up and kindle a prodigious flame for a while, and then die out, leaving not even ashes; the other, like a good hard-coal fire, burns with a dull but constant light, and continues all day.

We live in a constant whirl of excitement. We hail eagerly anything that will make us raise our hands and eyes in wonder. Even the mad foray of John Brown has been tortured, to pander to this morbid love of excitement, both North and South; and I am sorry to see that many of our people are giving cause to our Northern enemies to suspect that we are really afraid. How chivalrous is the sentiment which would drive a poor Yankee schoolmaster from the place where he makes his bread! For my own part, I look with strong suspicion on any Yankee who comes among us and becomes a red-hot Southerner. If he has money, and buys slaves with it, I am satisfied—I ask for no confession of faith from him; but, that a Yankee, educated, as all are, in the belief that the Declaration of Independence is an emanation of Divine Inspiration, shall become one of the stoutest defenders of slavery, is unnatural. All that we have a right to require of him is, that he shall keep his tongue within his

teeth; and if he has the manliness, when he is forced to speak, to avow his real sentiments, then I would take it as the best guarantee of his trustworthiness. I have no doubt that more harm is done by a bad manager of a planter, who is loud-mouthed against Abolitionists, than all the army which Brown expected to follow in his train, could accomplish. A bad planter is a common nuisance. His negroes are disorderly, ill cared for, discontented and rebellious; his estate is unproductive, his character degenerates; and the lower he finds himself falling, the more loudly does he call on the memory of his illustrious ancestors. If every planter will see that all is right on his own plantation, he may let Beecher and Cheever rave to their hearts' content. He will sleep in safety, though a greater than John Brown be at his gate.

We often hear planters complaining of the worthlessness of overseers. I never do it. I always suspect that a good planter will have a good overseer. I never heard that Washington or Jackson ever complained of the inefficiency of their generals. Bonaparte did not have to find much fault with his marshals. Why, then, should a planter, who is a Bonaparte on a small scale, have cause to curse the stupidity and wretchedness of his petty marshals? Ah! my good friend and fellow-sufferer, look inwards. If your overseer is a sloth, depend upon it, you are a ninny. As soon as you have fairly ascertained that the whole race of overseers is bad, give up—make way for some other hand, and try your fortune in some other walk of life.

But what will become of our

country, when all the bad planters are broken up, and all their estates accumulated in the hands of the few good ones? With all the improvements which we boast, I believe we are degenerating. We are becoming, daily, more and more closely bound to the North, and daily becoming more and more a dependent province. I, long time ago, predicted evil from the multiplication of railroad and steamboat facilities; and, verily, my predictions have been realized, and more than realized. The old Charleston population is now the first to run away at the approach of yellow fever. During the season of pestilence, they stay abroad; and those whom their fathers would have considered as strangers, remain to conduct the affairs of the city. With the increase of our facilities for getting into the country, the city is becoming more and more estranged from the country. When I was a boy, our schools religiously broke up in December and in April, and every boy who had a friend in the country, took those opportunities of enjoying a real Carolina country recreation. Then it was considered quite natural and proper that the schools should be open all summer. They studied in the warm weather, and in the month of December they were turned out to indulge in manly and robust sports in the country. They enjoyed themselves, and they became acquainted with the country and its people. Now, the schools barely recognize Christmas-day; and, in the heat of summer, when nobody will go into the country, they give a holiday. If they leave town, they must go North; and so the

poor little devils are taught to babble of green fields, when they ought to be imbibing learning; and when they ought to be turning upside down the house of some country-cousin, in December, they are tumbling over books and dictionaries. Thus, they learn to regard Northern watering-places as their resource for amusement, and the jolly and simple hospitality of Carolina is daily becoming more and more a myth to our people. Is not this one of the means by which Charleston is rapidly becoming a Northern city? There are hundreds of care-worn men now in the city, whose faces beam with delight when they remember the old parishes in which they spent their boyish holidays—the old sports, the deer-hunt, the exciting fox-chase, the fowling and all the varied scenes, of excitement and of pleasure, which made gloomy December the brightest season of the year. What, under the new-school *regime*, do their children get in exchange for these? A trip to the springs, in summer, or to some other place of fashionable resort. Have these young hopes of Carolina any heart-felt lessons impressed upon their tender minds, which will forever hereafter make their eyes glisten when the country is mentioned? Alas! no; they are merely spending an enforced probation in a Northern colony.

But I am apt to become gloomy when on this theme; and I do not suppose your devil (he, I am sure, will read a part of this letter,) will care to become blue. I do not undertake to say how I have accomplished my purpose. I learnt a lesson in philosophy long ago: A friend of mine once met another, who was unable to

mount his horse. He stopped and inquired of the reeling roysterer, who replied, that it was bad philosophy to indulge in rash assertions, and he would not venture on any; but he did really suspect that he had been drinking too much. So, likewise, I think I have accom-

plished my purpose, of writing on matters and things in general; and if you or your readers have cause to suspect that your correspondent is an Old Foggy, perhaps the suspicion will not necessarily imply that too much has been drunken.

"An Italian philosopher expressed, in his motto, 'that time was his estate'—an estate, indeed, which will produce nothing without cultivation; but will always abundantly repay the labours of industry, and satisfy the most extensive desires, if no part of it be suffered to lie waste by negligence, to be overrun with noxious plants, or laid out for show rather than for use."

"Slips of the tongue are sometimes found very inconvenient by those persons who, owing to some unlucky want of correspondence between their wits and their utterance, say one thing when they mean another, or bawl out something which the slightest degree of forethought would have kept unsaid. But more serious mischief arises from that misuse of words which occurs in all inaccurate writers. Many are the men who, merely for want of understanding what they say, have blundered into heresies and erroneous assertions of every kind, which they have afterwards passionately and pertinaciously defended, till they have established themselves in the profession—if not in the belief—of some pernicious doctrine, or opinion, to their own great injury and that of their deluded followers, and of the commonwealth."

"God forbid that the search after truth should be discouraged for fear of its consequences! The consequences of truth may be subversive of systems of superstition; but they never can be injurious to the rights or well-founded expectations of the human race."

"God made both tears and laughter, and both for kind purposes; for, as laughter enables mirth and surprise to breathe freely, so tears enable sorrow to vent itself patiently. Tears hinder sorrow from becoming despair and madness; and laughter is one of the very privileges of reason, being confined to the human species."

"The last word is the most dangerous of infernal machines. Husband and wife should no more fight to get it, than they would struggle for the possession of a lighted bomb-shell. Married people should study each other's weak points as skaters look out for the weak parts of the ice, in order to keep off them."

"Better that the feet slip than the tongue."

THE TWINS OF THE HÔTEL CORNEILLE.

(From the French.)

CHAP. II.

I have preserved a copy of Uncle Yvon's will. Here it is :

"15th August, 1849—Assumption-day—I, Matthew John Louis Yvon, sane and sound in mind and body, draw up this present will and testament.

"Foreseeing the accidents to which human life is exposed, and desirous, if anything happens to me, that my property should be shared, without contention, between my heirs, I have divided my fortune into two halves, as equal as I could make them, to wit :

"1st. The sum of fifty thousand francs in the hands of M. Aubryet, notary, at Paris, and which pays me a regular interest of five per cent.

"2ndly. My house at Auray, my moors and arable lands, my boats, nets, fishing articles, arms, furniture, clothes, linen, plate and every other thing, living or inanimate, of which I die possessed, the whole valued, in conscience and justice, at fifty thousand francs.

"I give and bequeath the whole of this my property to my nephews and godsons, Matthew and Louis Debay, charging them each to choose, either amicably or by drawing lots, one of the two portions here described, without having recourse, under any pretext, to the intervention of any lawyer.

"If I should chance to die before my sister Yvonne Yvon, now Debay, and her husband, my excellent brother-in-law, I commit to my heirs the care of their old age,

and I trust that they will never let their parents want for anything, according to the example I have always given them."

The division was not long in taking place, and the brothers had no need to draw lots. Louis chose the money, and Matthew took the rest. Louis said : "What in the world should I do with my dear uncle's boats ? I would look well digging oysters or fishing for sardines ! I should have to live at Auray ; and just to think of such a thing, makes me gape. You would soon hear that I was dead, and that it was home sickness for the Boulevard that had killed me. If, by good or ill luck, I should escape this fate, all this little fortune would soon melt away in my hands. Do I know how to farm out lands, to rent fishing-grounds, and to overlook the accounts of half-a-dozen sailors ? They would rob me of the very ashes in my chimney. Let Matthew give me the fifty thousand francs, and I will invest them in an enterprise which will bring me twenty per cent. That's the way I understand business."

"Please yourself," answered Matthew. "I don't think you would have been obliged to live at Auray. Our parents are strong and hearty, God be praised ; and they could, perhaps, see after the business. But what is this wonderful speculation in which you are going to venture all your money !"

"Myself. Listen to me, calmly.

Of all the roads which lead a young man to fortune, the shortest is not commerce, nor industry, nor art, nor medicine, nor law, nor even speculation; it is . . . guess what?"

"Truly I see nothing left but robbing on the highways: and that becomes more difficult every day, because you can't well stop locomotives."

"You forget marriage! It is matrimony which has made the finest houses in Europe. Shall I tell you the history of the Counts of Hapsburg? Seven hundred years ago, they were only a little richer than I—only a little; not much. By dint of marrying, and of marrying rich heiresses, they have founded one of the greatest monarchies in the world—the Empire of Austria. I am going to marry an heiress!"

"Which one?"

"I don't know; but I shall find her."

"With your fifty thousand francs?"

"Nonsense! You must understand that if I went in search of a wife, with my little *porte-monnaie* in my hand, containing fifty bank-notes, all the millions would laugh at me. At the most, I might find a mercer's daughter, or the presumptive heiress of a hardware business. In a society where so poor a sum has weight, they would not take into account my style, nor my wit, nor my education. You know this is not the moment for modesty."

"So it appears."

"In the society in which I contemplate allying myself, I shall be married *for* myself, and not for what I have. When a coat is well-made and well-worn, my dear fellow, no well-bred young lady asks about what is in its pockets."

Thereupon Louis explained to his brother that, with Uncle Yvon's

money, he meant to open for himself the doors of the *beau-monde*. A long experience (drawn from novels) had taught him that, with dress, a fine horse and good manners, one could always make a love-match.

"This is my plan," he said: "I am going to use my whole capital. For one year, I shall have an income of fifty thousand francs, and the deuce is in it, if I don't manage to make myself agreeable, in that time, to some girl who has a permanent investment of this sort."

"But, Louis, you will ruin yourself."

"Not at all: I shall make my fortune."

Matthew did not take the trouble to discuss the matter any further. Louis could not get possession of his funds until June: the danger was not immediate. Meanwhile Uncle Yvon's heirs made no change in their daily life. The boats and the nets at Auray provided for the home expenses there; M. Aubryet paid over two hundred francs a month, as usual, and the lessons at St. Barbe and the visits to the *Rue Traversine* took their customary course. Truth obliges me to say that Louis was less assiduous at the courts of law than at Cellarius's classes, and that he was oftener seen at Lozès' than at M. Ducauroy's. Little Greybeard, ambitious as ever, and slightly intriguing, I fear, procured his wife's nomination and a second broom was enthroned in their apartment. This was the only event of the winter.

In the month of May, M^{me} Debay wrote to her sons that she was very much worried. Her husband worked very hard, but could not suffice: another man was needed in the establishment. Matthew began to fear that his father, who was no longer young, was over-tasking himself.

"I ought to go to them," he said to me, one day—"I ought, at least, to go for six months."

"What keeps you here?"

"Well—my lessons."

"Pass them over to one of our old school-mates. I know six who need them more than you."

"And then—Louis will be after some folly."

"Be quiet on that score. If he is going after some folly, your presence won't hinder him."

"Besides"....

"What?"

"Those ladies!"

"You left them before during the vacation. Give them into my charge, again; I shall see that they want for nothing."

"But I shall want them," he said, blushing to the eyes.

"Why, is that it? You never hinted that there was love in the case."

The poor fellow was stunned. He guessed, for the first time, that he was in love with M^{lle} Bourgade. I helped him to examine his conscience. I dragged out, one by one, all the little secrets of his heart, and he remained duly convicted of a passionate attachment. I never saw, in all my life, a man so confused. If he had been accused of bankruptcy and swindling, he would have shown less shame. I was obliged to reassure him, and to reconcile him with himself. But when I asked him if he thought the sentiment was reciprocal, he had such a fresh access of distress and modesty, that it was really painful to me. It was in vain that I told him that love is a very contagious disease, and that, in nineteen cases out of twenty, a sincere affection is shared by its object. He considered himself an exception to all rules. He placed himself on the last round of the ladder of human beings, and

M^{lle} Bourgade had perfections and qualities beyond humanity.

No knight of the good old times ever made himself humbler or smaller before the fine eyes of his lady-love. I tried to raise him in his own estimation, by recapitulating the treasures of goodness and tenderness that were in him. He replied, by making a grimace of resignation, and pointing to his ugly face. I felt my eyes moisten; had I been a woman, at that moment, I would have loved him.

"How does she behave to you?" I asked.

"I don't know. I am in the room and so is she; but we are not together. I speak to her and she answers me; but I can't say that I have ever conversed with her. She don't avoid me and she don't seek me....but, I believe, she does avoid me, or, at least, I am disagreeable to her. When anybody looks as I do!"....

He abused his poor looks with charming simplicity. M^{lle} Bourgade's coldness towards so excellent a man was not natural. It could only proceed from coquettish calculation, or from the commencement of love on her side.

"Does M^{lle} Bourgade know that you have inherited a fortune?"

"No."

"She thinks you as poor as she is?"

"Certainly, or they would long since have shown me the door."

"If now....don't blush....if, by any chance, she cared for you, what would you do?"

"I...I would tell her"....

"Come, no false modesty! She isn't here. Would you marry her?"

"Marry her! If I could!"

This was on Sunday. The following Thursday I paid a visit to Little Greybeard. I put on my best uniform coat, with a geranium leaf in the button-hole. A tried

friend lent me a pair of gloves. Little Greybeard went to let M'me Bourgade know that a gentleman asked the favour of a few moments' conversation with her. She came, and our host left us under the pretext of going to buy coal.

M'me Bourgade was a tall, handsome woman, excessively thin; she had large sad eyes, beautiful brows and superb hair, but had lost many of her teeth, which made her look older than her age. She stood before me, quiet and trembling; poverty and suffering had made her timid.

"Madame," I said, "I am a friend of Matthew Debay; he loves your daughter, and I have the honour of asking you in his name, for her hand."

That is the way diplomacy is taught in the Normal School.

"Sit down, sir," she said, softly. She was not surprised at my demand; she had expected it. She knew that Matthew loved her daughter, and she acknowledged with maternal modesty that her daughter loved Matthew. I was sure of it! She had thought a good deal about the possibility of this marriage.

On the one hand, she was glad to confide her daughter's future to an honest man before she died. She thought that her death was not distant. What disturbed her was the idea of Matthew's health; he did not look very robust. Some day he might take to his bed, lose his scholars and leave his wife without resources, with children perhaps—for everything was to be considered. I might have reassured her with a single word, but I did not. I was too happy at seeing a marriage arranged with that sublime imprudence of the poor, who say: "Let us love each other; each day will bring its bread."

Besides, M'me Bourgade was only discussing the matter with me for form's sake. Matthew was already established in her heart. She loved him with that love of the mother-in-law for her son-in-law, which is a woman's last passion. M'me de Sévigné never loved her husband as she loved M. de Grignan.

M'me Bourgade took me to her room and introduced me to her daughter. The beautiful Fanny had on a gown of faded calico. She had neither cap, nor collar, nor cuffs; washing is so dear! I could admire a great roll of magnificent fair hair; a throat, too slender as yet, but of rare elegance, and wrists for which a duchess would have paid a high price. Her face was her mother's, with twenty years taken from it. On seeing them side by side, I thought involuntarily of those architectural drawings, where, in one frame, are sketched a temple in ruins, and the same restored. Fanny's figure without corsets, and without crinoline, owed nothing to art, and was singularly graceful and well made; but what struck me most in the future M'me Debay, was the limpid whiteness of her skin. It looked like milk, but transparent milk; in fact, I can't better describe her face than to say that it reminded me of a pearl.

She was very frankly happy, the little pearl of the *Rue Traversine*, when she heard the news that I had brought. In the midst of her joy, in came Matthew, who never dreamed of finding me there. He could not believe that he was loved, until he had been told so three times. We all talked at once, and the quartettes of Beethoven are poor music when compared to the one that we sang. Then I slipped off through the half-open door and left them.

Matthew was married on the first Thursday in June, and I was groomsman. I shared that honour with a young journalist, one of our friends. The other two guests were a painter and a professor, allies of Matthew. M^{me} Bourgade had lost sight of all her acquaintances. The mayoralty-house of the 11th Ward is opposite the Church of St. Sulpice. We only had to cross the street. The whole wedding party, including Louis, was contained in two large hacks, which took us out to dine near Meudon. Our dining room was a little cottage, surrounded by lilacs, and we found a bird that was building its nest in the moss above our heads. We drank to the health of this other happy pair. Let who will believe me, but Matthew was no longer ugly.

There are some faces that only please in a drawing-room; there are others that only charm in the country. The painted dolls that we admire in Paris would be horrible to meet in the corner of a wood. I shudder only to think of it. Matthew, on the contrary, made a very presentable rustic hero. He announced to us at dessert, that he was going to set off for Auray with his wife and mother-in-law. Dear good Mamma Debay was eager to embrace her new daughter. Matthew could write his thesis at his leisure. He would be doctor whenever the sardines allowed it.

"For my part," said Louis, "I engage you all to hold yourselves in readiness for next year. You will assist at the marriage ceremonies of Louis Debay and M^{lle} X., one of the richest heiresses of Paris."

"Long live M^{lle} X., the glorious unknown."

"While waiting to find her," continued the orator, "people will

say that I am wasting my fortune, throwing away my money, dispersing my inheritance to the four winds of heaven. Remember what I promise you. I shall sow my gold as a sower sows grain. Let the world talk, and wait for my harvest."

Why not acknowledge that we were drinking champagne?

Matthew said to his brother.

"Do as you choose. I doubt nothing now. I believe all things possible since she marries me for love."

But the Sunday following, at the railroad depôt, Matthew seemed less at ease about his brother's plans.

"You are playing a doubtful game my dear boy," he said, pressing Louis's hand. "If Boileau were not as old-fashioned as the barbers of his day, I should say to you: 'That sea thou seekest abounds in shipwrecks.'"

"Nonsense; it is not Boileau, one quotes, but Balzac. That sea I seek abounds in heiresses. Count upon me, beloved brother. If there remains one such creature in the world, she shall be ours."

"Very well, remember, that whatever happens, there is a bed for you at Auray."

"Add another pillow to that bed. We will come in our carriage to visit you."

Little Greybeard eyed Louis from head to foot with a glance of approbation which seemed to say: "Young man, your ambition pleases me." But Louis did not condescend to cast a glance in return upon anything so insignificant as Little Greybeard.

He took me by the arm when the cars started, and carried me off to dine at Janodet's. He was gay and full of happy hopes.

"The die is cast. I have burnt my ships. Yesterday I hired a

delicious suite of rooms in the *Rue Provence*. The painters are there. In a week the upholsterers will take their place. It is there, my simple soul, that you shall come every Sunday and partake of the outlet of friendship."

"What in the world induces you to commence your campaign in the middle of summer? There isn't a cat in Paris."

"Let me alone! As soon as my nest is finished I shall leave for Vichy. Acquaintances are easily made at watering-places. People get intimate and invite each other for the ensuing winter. I have thought of everything, and my plans are matured. To think that in a fortnight I shall have bidden adieu to this awful Latin Quarter!"

"Where we have passed so many happy hours!"

"We thought we were amusing ourselves because we did not know anything about amusement. See here, do you consider this chicken eatable?"

"Most excellent, my dear fellow."

"Atrocious! By the way, I have a cook, a young man intending to marry, dines abroad, but he always breakfasts at home. I have nothing left to do but to find a servant. There is no one you could recommend?"

"Upon my word, I regret exceedingly that I shall have to stay eighteen months longer at the school; otherwise I should offer myself in that capacity. I think you will make such a magnificent master."

"My dear creature, you are neither small enough nor large enough. I must have a colossus or a gnome. Remain where you are. Have you ever reflected upon the subject of liveries? It is a very grave question."

"Indeed! Well, I have read Aristotle, the chapter on hats."

"What do you think of a sky-blue coat with red facings?"

"I like the uniform of the Pope's Swiss, yellow, red and black, with a halberd. What do you think of that?"

"You are stupid. I have thought of all the different colours. Black is very *distingué* with a cockade, but it is too solemn. Chocolate is not young enough. Dark blue is assumed by all commercial people. I will reflect longer upon this. Look at my new visiting card."

"*Louis de Baij* and a marquis's coronet! I forgive the marquise, because that can hurt nobody; but I think you might have respected your old father's name. I am not *very* strict in my notions, but it always vexes me to see an honest man disguised as a marquis after the carnival. This is a delicate way of denying your family. To be a marquis, your father must be a duke or dead—choose."

"Why do you look at things so gravely? My dear good father would be the first to laugh at seeing his name so transmogrified. Don't you think that *diaræsis* on the *y* is an admirable invention? That is what is called giving an aristocratic colouring! Now I want my coat of arms. Do you understand heraldry?"

"Very badly."

"You know enough to draw me a shield."

"Francis, some paper. Here, this will do for your coat of arms. You carry quartered gold and gules. This represents lions gules on a field of gold, and that gold martlets on a field gules. Are you satisfied?"

"Enchanted. What is a martlet?"

"A duck."*

"Better and better. Now a ment, I owe you homage as my motto as daring as you can make it." suzerain."

"*'Baï de rien ne s'ebajt ;'*" "Very well ! most loyal marquis ; which being freely interpreted, let us light our cigars, and take me would read, '*Baï*' never says die." back to the school."

* The word *canard*, duck, is universally received in French as "hoax."

(To be Continued.)

"Ladies who marry for love should remember that the union of angels with women has been forbidden since the flood. The wife is the sun of the social system. Unless she attracts, there is nothing to keep heavy bodies like husbands from flying into space. The wife who should properly discharge her duties, must never have a soul above trifles. Don't trust too much to good temper when you get into an argument. Sugar is the substance most universally diffused through all natural products. Let married people take a hint from this provision of nature."

"Many run after felicity like an absent man hunting for his hat, when it is on his head or in his hand. Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict great pain, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas ! are let on long leases."

"Some men think that the gratification of curiosity is the end of knowledge, some the love of fame, some the pleasure of dispute, some the necessity of supporting themselves by their knowledge ; but the real use of all knowledge is this : that we should dedicate that reason which was given us by God, to the use and advantage of man."--*Bacon*.

"He whose first emotion on the view of an excellent production is to undervalue it, will never have one of his own to show."

"Self-dependence which generates all that is grand in plan and power, is the great source of strength."

"Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into conduct."

THE ACTRESS IN HIGH LIFE; AN EPISODE IN WINTER QUARTERS.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

The guests were now fast leaving the house, and Lady Mabel, having much to say to Mrs. Shortridge, was among the last. L'Isle attended her down stairs, and was about to hand her into the old coach, when she drew back timidly.

"How dark it is, with that cloud over the moon. I am afraid Antonio Lobo is scarce postillion enough to drive down that steep rough road without accident."

L'Isle instantly recollected, that having escorted Lady Mabel to the party, it was his privilege to see her safe home again. Bidding the footman keep the coach door open, he sprang into the house for his hat, and in a moment was again seated by her side. The lumbering vehicle rolled out of the *praca* and down the sloping street to the western gate of Elvas. As the guard there closed the gate behind them, and shut them out from the light of the lantern, they seemed to plunge into "outer darkness." Lady Mabel's nervous terrors came back upon her with redoubled violence.

The fosse under the drawbridge seemed a ravenous abyss, and the deep road cut through the *glacis* and overhung by the outworks appeared to be leading down into the bowels of the earth. The road, too, down into the valley was steep, winding and much cut up by use and the heavy winter rains.

"I have been so much on horse-back lately," she said, apologizing for her fears, "and so seldom in a carriage, and this is such a rickety old thing, that you must excuse

my alarm. Besides, I do not know that Antonio ever played the part of postillion before. Why, the coach will run over the mules," she exclaimed, presently, as it glided down a steep spot; then springing up and leaning out of the window, she called out in plaintive Portuguese, "Antonio, my good Antonio, beware of that short turn in the road, or we will all go tumbling down the hill together! Excuse my terrors, Col. L'Isle, but some late occurrences have shaken my nerves sadly."

Surprised at her unusual timidity, L'Isle tried to calm her fears, and taking her hand, endeavoured to keep it, while he assured her that every Portuguese peasant was familiar with mules and mountain roads from boyhood. With a little laugh, she, struggling, rescued the captured member, saying, "I shall need both my hands to scramble out with when the coach breaks down or overturns, whichever happens first; and after this she was more *chary* of her demonstrations of terror, to escape his demonstrations of protection.

"If you doubt honest Lobo's ability to drive you safe home," said L'Isle, "though I do not, perhaps your own man may be more skilful."

"What! cut down my two yards of footman into a postillion?" exclaimed Lady Mabel; "on a mule too! Why, he would rebel against such degradation!"

"It would be promotion," said L'Isle, laughing, "to put a foot-

man into the saddle; and William would be of use for once in his life."

"Neither I nor nature demand usefulness of him. His whole capital consists in being a tall footman, who becomes his livery; and he fulfills his destiny when both he and it excite the admiration of the Elvas ladies."

The coach presently turned into the olive yard, and drew up before the old monastic pile without accident. L'Isle was surprised to see the inhabited part of the building brightly lighted up at this late hour. Old Moodie, looking graver and more sour than ever, was at the open door. L'Isle handed Lady Mabel out of the coach, and she coolly took his arm, showing that he was expected to hand her upstairs before taking leave of her. Moodie followed them into the drawing-room, and said, abruptly, "Well, my lady, will you have supper now?"

"Certainly, if it be ready. By-the-bye, Colonel L'Isle, I did not see you take the least refreshment at Mrs. Shortridge's—not even half a pound of sugar-plums, like the Portuguese ladies."

"I followed your example; for you yourself fasted."

"I was too busy talking my best and my last to my Portuguese friends," said Lady Mabel. "But when and where did you dine?"

"Dine?" said L'Isle, hesitating, then recollecting his luncheon; "About two o'clock, in Badajoz."

"A Spanish dinner, I'll warrant, at a Spaniard's house!" she exclaimed, throwing up her hands. "You must be faint with hunger. Why," she added, taking up a light, and holding it close to him, "you do look pale and famished; as if you had dined like a Portuguese beggar's brat,—on a crust, rubbed over with a *sardinha*, to

give it a flavour. I cannot let you go away in this condition. If you starve yourself so, you will degenerate from a beef-eating red-coat, into a rationless Spanish soldier."

"There is no danger of that," L'Isle answered. "But how do you happen to have a supper ready at this hour?"

"It shows what a slave of habit Moodie is. Because he has a supper got for papa and his friends every night, he could not omit it; though papa is far away, and he knows that I never touch it. But here he comes to announce it. For once it is well timed, and you must do it justice, unless you would make both Moodie and myself your enemies for life."

"Supper is ready, my lady," said Moodie. Then grumbled aside to her, "If you wait a while longer it will serve for breakfast."

"Pray send Jenny to me; and, then, Moodie, I will not keep you up longer," said Lady Mabel, for she was anxious to get rid of the old marplot.

They went into the next room to supper, and she seated L'Isle sociably beside her. It was truly a tempting little supper party, without one too many at table. Lady Mabel had now been long enough in the army to feel at home there. Why should she not, like any of her comrades, bring home a friend to sup with her? Especially when that friend is the pleasantest fellow in the brigade? Having or affecting an appetite, she set the example to L'Isle, and urged him to make up for the meagre fare of the day. The table looked as if Lord Strathem and three or four of his friends had been expected to take their seats at it; and when she bid the footman hand wine to Colonel L'Isle, he promptly placed three decanters on the table.

"William mistakes me for Col.

Bradshawe," said L'Isle, smiling, as he glanced at them.

"That is Moodie's doing," said she. "He provides liberally, one bottle for you and two for himself, I suppose."

Jenny Aiken now came into the room, very neatly dressed, and, evidently not at all surprised at her mistress's summons. Upon this Lady Mabel bid William go, as he would not be wanted.

"I have not a doubt, Colonel L'Isle, that you prefer a Hebe to a Ganymede."

"Infinitely," said L'Isle; "and I only wonder how great Jove himself could differ with me."

"Then let Jenny refill your glass, that you may drink the health of the Portuguese ladies, to whom you said so many witty and pleasant things this evening."

"I only translated them," said L'Isle, bowing gaily to her.

"May I be ever blessed with such an interpreter," said Lady Mabel, "and I may, without fear, set up for a wit." And she repeated some of the best things he had said in her name, and seemed to enjoy them so much, that L'Isle, who, like some other people, had

"A heart

Open as day to melting flattery,"

became almost as much charmed with himself as he was with his companion. Thus they amused themselves, recalling the little incidents of the evening; Lady Mabel turning satirist, at the cost of all her friends, not sparing even Mrs. Shortridge, in her attempts to play the *dignified* hostess, and ridiculing, without mercy, the commissary's awkward efforts at Portuguese eloquence and politeness. Then recalling and laughing at the extravagant compliments paid her after each song, she sung snatches of several of her favourite

pieces, but had the grace not to allude to "Constant my Heart;" while L'Isle longed for an occasion, yet hesitated to tell her how much better he liked it than all the others. In the midst of her extravagantly high spirits, checking herself suddenly, she said: "I see that you are surprised at me, but not more than I am at myself. Have you ever heard of our Scottish superstition of being *fie*—that is, possessed by a preternatural excess of vivacity? No? It is deemed the sure forerunner of evil at hand,—a sudden and violent death; some dire misfortune; perhaps a sad and final parting of—of the dearest friends. I own," she added, with a deep sigh, "I cannot free myself from this superstition of my country."

"I will not share it with you!" L'Isle exclaimed. "And you must shake it off. What were life without hope, and high hope too?" and seizing her hand he kissed it respectfully, but with a fervour which indicated the direction his hopes had taken.

"For shame, Colonel L'Isle!" she exclaimed, laughing, while she snatched away her hand. "See how much shocked Jenny is at this liberty taken with her mistress!"

L'Isle had forgotten Jenny Aiken's presence. He turned to look at her, and the Scotch Hebe was plainly more amused than shocked at what she was witnessing. Had L'Isle forgotten also his appointment to-morrow morning at Alcantara? Perhaps not. But had Sir Rowland Hill now appeared and demanded his opinion of the Andalusian levies, L'Isle would have told him that he had no leisure to think of him or them.

But all sublunary pleasure has an end. Supper was over, and L'Isle could devise no excuse for lingering here, but the pleasure of listening

to Lady Mabel, who seemed willing to amuse him as long as he staid. After a pause, divining that he was about to take leave of her, she said suddenly: "What an unreasonable fellow Sir Rowland Hill must be! Because he cannot find any one to execute his delicate commissions half so well as you do, he must be thrusting them all upon you! Does he take you for a Popish saint, endowed with pluripresence, and able to be in Andalusia, at Badajoz, Elvas, and Alcantara, all at one time?"

"Not exactly so," said L'Isle, a good deal flattered at this speech. "He has indeed tasked me well, at times doing other men's work; but it is all in a good cause, you know; and I never objected to these tasks till now——. My Lord, I hear, set out for Alcantara early this morning, taking Bradshawe and Conway with him."

"Yes! they rode merrily off this morning," said Lady Mabel, in a gay tone. "A summons to Alcantara breaks the monotony of their life here, and they were eager to meet Sir Rowland. I hear that these conferences with his officers always conclude with a capital dinner. That sallow Major Conway, with his fastidious appetite, and his Calcutta liver, will appreciate the excellence of the *cuisine*. I have heard Colonel Bradshawe dilate, with enthusiasm, on Sir Rowland's choice selection of wines. Papa, too, will meet some new people there, which will give him an opportunity of once more undergoing his three years of siege, famine and bombardment in Gibraltar thirty years ago, and uttering a new edition of the expedition to Egypt. They tell me, Sir Rowland, too, dearly loves these occasions for repeating his favourite lecture on strategy and grand tactics. But you must have heard it so often,

that you can repeat it *verbatim* to me, if you have nothing more entertaining to say."

"I hope I could find topics more agreeable to us both," said L'Isle, laughing and blushing. "But unluckily I have in my pocket Sir Rowland's order to meet him there, and have intelligence he is waiting for. I am afraid he will have to wait."

"I am afraid he will," said Lady Mabel, coolly, "for I do not see how you are to get out of the house now. By this time Moodie has bolted, barred, and locked every door and window below, hidden the keys, and gone to bed in his usual condition. He never can find them again, until his head gets clear in the morning."

"What!" exclaimed L'Isle. "That respectable old man drunk every night!"

"Not *every* night!" said Lady Mabel. "But have you forgotten in what condition he came back with us from Evora?"

"True! But I thought that an accident, and more the effect of sickness than drinking. He seemed quite sober when you came home, and a graver and more sedate man I do not know."

"Oh, he is a Presbyterian, you know, and the more liquor he swallows the graver and more sanctimonious he becomes."

"That may be. Still, Lady Mabel, I must find some way of getting out of the house. Already I shall be too late at Alcantara."

"I am afraid Sir Rowland will not drink in your news at breakfast. But if it be good, it will come in capitally after dinner, by way of dessert."

"After dinner!" said L'Isle hurriedly. "I must be there many hours before that!"

"Then I am so sorry to have kept you here so long. I suppose

Jenny and I must keep watch by ourselves all night, for I cannot keep those heavy-headed fellows awake."

"Awake and watching!" exclaimed L'Isle.

"Yes—awake and watching!" Lady Mabel answered. "If you could stay we would not insist on your sitting up with us. I could have Papa's room made ready for you; and if I knew that you were asleep in Papa's bed, with your drawn sword on one side, and a pair of his pistols, cocked, on the other, I would not be in the least afraid."

"Afraid of what?" asked L'Isle, in astonishment.

"Of those robbers, who go plundering and murdering all over the country by night!" said Lady Mabel, her large blue eyes opening wide in well-feigned terror.

"Oh, don't talk of them, my Lady!" said Jenny, with a stifled scream, and an affected shudder.

"Have you not heard of them?" Lady Mabel asked, in a tone of surprise.

"I cannot say I have—at least of any depredations here at Elvas!"

"But we are outside of Elvas—to our sorrow; and the monks, great engineers as they have elsewhere proved themselves, have constructed but a very weak fortress in this building. Our garrison is weaker still. Papa carried off his two most efficient servants. William is a simpleton, Tomkins a craven, and Moodie, though bold as a lion, is an old man, already bound hand and foot, and gagged by his strong enemy."

"But where is the Portuguese part of your household?" L'Isle asked.

"Being thieves in a small way," said Lady Mabel, "we always, at night, lock them out of this part of the building. While the robbers

were cutting our throats up-stairs, they might be stealing our silver below. We have an anxious time here, I assure you. It is as much as I can do to keep poor Jenny from going off into hysterics; she will not go to bed lest she should be robbed and murdered in her sleep. It is lucky that I, being a soldier's daughter, have a little courage."

"Courage!" exclaimed L'Isle. "I am astonished at your sudden timidity. Why, there is a sentinel, day and night, here at headquarters!"

"But out of sight and hearing at the other end of this old rambling monks' roost," said Lady Mabel, "mounting guard over papa's musty despatches."

"And the fellow now there," said Jenny, "told me he could not quit them—no, not if we were robbed and murdered twice over. I could scream now, only I am afraid the villains might hear me!"

While L'Isle looked suspiciously at the maid, not so good an actress as her mistress, Lady Mabel glanced her eye at the clock. Apparent time called it one, real time said it was two hours after midnight. She felt sure of her game, and need wear the mask no longer. She had been acting a long and trying part, and began to feel tired, and now showed it by letting her terror subside into one or two little yawns, which became her so well, that L'Isle never thought her more lovely than now when she was getting tired of his company.

It was high time to get rid of him. But now a real fear came over her, and she shrunk from his searching glance with unfeigned timidity. Still the thing had to be done; so nerving herself to the task, she stepped close up beside him, and looking confidently in his face, said: "I am truly sorry to have

kept you here so long, and hope you will not find Sir Rowland fretting and fuming at the delay of your news; but I was so anxious to have your protection, having just learned that these horrid ruffians are not *guerilleros* from the Spanish bands at Badajoz, but some of your own regiment disguised as banditti."

L'Isle started back one step. In an instant, from the fairy land of hope and love, his Eden of delights, with every soothing and intoxicating influence around him, he found himself transported to a bleak common, stripped of his dreamy joys, exposed to the ridicule of the enchantress, and soon to be pelted with the pitiless jests of all who might hear of his adventure. He looked at Lady Mabel, almost expecting to see her undergo some magic transformation. But there she stood unchanged, except that there was a little sneer on her lip, a glance of triumph from her eye, an expression of intense but mischievous enjoyment in her whole air, and, what he had never observed before, a strong likeness to her father.

Striving quickly and proudly to recover himself, L'Isle said, with admirable gravity, "You have convinced me, Lady Mabel, that it is my especial duty to protect you from my own banditti. I will not leave you, not close an eye in sleep, while a shadow of danger hangs over you. "But," he added, slowly drawing near to a window, and gently opening it, "I have observed that house-breakers always choose the darkest hours to hide their deeds of darkness. For to-night the danger is over. The moon is over head, and not a cloud obscures the sky. We English may envy these Southern nations their nights, though not their days." Looking out on the land-

scape before him, its features softened rather than concealed by the sober silvery light, he repeated:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps on
yonder bank,
* * * * In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss
the trees,
And they did make no noise—in such a
night
Troilus, me thinks, mounted the Trojan
walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian
tents,
Where Cressid lay that night."

While repeating these lines, he measured with his eye the distance to the ground. The comfort-loving monks had provided lofty ceilings and abundant air for their apartments under the scorching sun of Alemtyo. But in L'Isle's angry, defiant mood, he would have leapt from the top of Pompey's Pillar, rather than stay to be laughed at by Lady Mabel. Seating himself on the window sill, he turned and threw his legs out of the window.

"For Heaven's sake, Colonel L'Isle, what are you dreaming of?"

"I am dreaming that, happy as Ulysses, I have listened to the Syren, and escaped her snares."

She had sprang forwards as he spoke, and now threw out her arms to draw him back. He eluded her clasp, and dropped to the ground on his feet, but fell backwards, and did not at once rise again. She shrieked, and then called out in a piteous tone: "Speak to me, Colonel L'Isle. For Heaven's sake, speak. Say you are not injured—not hurt."

"Console yourself, Lady Mabel," said he, rising slowly. "I have not broken my neck, and shall not break my appointment. And, now, I must bid you good-night; or shall I say good-morning?"

As L'Isle turned, he spied old Moodie standing in the open gateway of the court, with a light in his hand, and knitting his shaggy brows. He looked neither very drunk, nor much afraid of robbers, but trembled with rage on seeing L'Isle's mode of breaking out of the mansion. With a strong effort of self-control, L'Isle walked off without limping, and was soon lost in the gloomy shades of the olive and the orange grove.

Lady Mabel had played out the comedy, and now came—reflection. What had she done? How would it tell? Above all, what would L'Isle think of her? What were his feelings now? And what would they be when the exact truth—the whole plot—was known to him? Every faculty hitherto en-

grossed in the part she was playing, until this moment she had never looked on this side of the picture? Now, bitter self-reproach, womanly shame, and tears—vain, useless tears—filled up the remaining hours of the night. Jenny Aiken's feeble attempts at consolation were worse than futile, and she was sent off abruptly to her room, for misconstruing the cause of her mistress's grief. Lady Mabel found little relief in remembering her father's injunction, to play her part well, and not fail of success. She was hardly soothed even by the resolution she took to rate that father soundly for the gross impropriety he had permitted, induced—nay, almost commanded—her to perpetrate.

LINES.

I saw, or dreamed I saw her, sitting, lone,
Her neck bent like a swan's, her brown eyes thrown
On some sweet poem—his, I think, who sings
E'enone, or the hapless Maud: no rings
Flashed from the dainty fingers, which held back
Her beautiful blonde hair. Ah! would these black
Locks of mine own were mingling with it now,
And these warm lips were pressed against her brow!
And, as she turned a page, methought I heard—
Hush! could it be?—a faintly-murmured word.
It was so softly dwelt on—such a smile
Played on her brow and wreathed her lip the while,
That my heart leaped to hear it, and a flame
Burned on my forehead—Sa'ra!—'twas *my* name.

A WOMAN'S NO.

"I never hear a lady protest against matrimony as you are now doing," said Mrs. Villers, "that memory does not travel back to the Misses Sharpe."

"What about the Misses Sharpe?" asked her niece. "I hope they did not enter the holy state of matrimony, after saying no most positively."

"A woman's *no* sometimes means *yes*, Lucy."

"Not in my vocabulary, aunt: but pray give us the veritable history of the Misses Sharpe."

"Well, let me make myself comfortable first; give me that cushion for my feet, throw my shawl a little closer around me, and put another log on the fire; there, that will do. Now for the veritable history of the Misses Sharpe."

When first I became acquainted with the Misses Sharpe they were not young. Lucinda, or as her sister called her, Lucindy, was not fat and fair, though she was forty. Providence, called by her sister Provy, was several years her senior. Lucindy was certainly not as lovely as a poet's dream. She was small and thin, and took no pains to appear aught else. Her pride was to be natural; her hair, black and wiry, was her own, her teeth were her own, and her figure was her own. She never powdered or painted, never squeezed orange juice into her eyes, like the Spanish ladies, to make them bright. Never used henna like the Turkish women; had not even so much as heard of Paris masks for the complexion—Vestris's paste or tale. She was a true child of nature, without

sham or pretence. She wore her bonnets very close and her dresses very short; she wore not feathers, it was a sin; or flowers, it was a sin; or a veil, it was a sin. Lucinda Sharpe was one of those people who see sin in everything they look at, who cry out sin at every sight and sound that gladdens this beautiful earth, and thrills the heart with silent ecstasy. She had even been heard to reprove the young pastor for laughing too loud. "Hush, my dear," she would say, in an awful tone, "don't laugh too loud, it is a sin." When in her presence you felt as if you were the greatest sinner in all creation; that you had twice as much original sin and twice as much acquired as any one else. "My dear," she would say, in freezing tones, "I saw you during prayers look up several times from your book at Mr. Harvey. Now, Mr. Harvey is a very handsome young clergyman, but the young ladies of the church commit a very great sin when they look at him during prayers. I never look up from my book. I never see any one in church."

Now, your eye may have wandered to Mr. Harvey's face during prayer, not because you were particularly anxious to look at him, but because you were, perhaps, listless, or you could not give up your whole soul to devotion as you should have done. You may have been mourning over this deadness, down in the depths of your high-backed pew, shut out from mortal eye. You may have been bewailing your coldness and striving to recall your wandering thoughts,

when, struck by the fervour of the minister's tones, you raised your eyes and looked at him, praying silently in your heart that you might have the power as well as the wish to give yourself wholly up to the spirit of prayer as did the Rev. Mr. Harvey.

It was a sin with this "sinless child" of earth to act or think contrary to her ideas of right and wrong. It was a sin to read any other books than the Bible, Prayer Book and the Whole Duty of Man. She was a great churchwoman, whose creed was, no salvation out of that portion of the church Catholic, which is Protestant Episcopal. She had never been to a *meeting house* in her life, but had always sat under the preaching of those who could prove their descent from the Apostles. Sidney Smith himself was not more intolerant of dissenters than was Miss Lucinda Sharpe.

Providence Sharpe eschewed being altogether a child of nature, she consented to wear a very brown braid, suggestive of perpetual youth, and adorned her person rather more lavishly than her sister. She was rather milder in her mode of speech than Lucinda, but, like her, equally despised the lords of creation. I well remember the evening they discovered that Grace, the servant girl, had an admirer. I was taking a social cup of tea with the Misses Sharpe at their snug little mansion, at the corner of the street. We were gathered around the tea table, the hospitable board was well spread, muffins and tea smoked before us, the preserves were of their own making, the beef of their own drying. A fine fire burnt in genial glow in the well polished grate, before which lay two fat, well conditioned tabbies, enjoying a charming siesta.

"Now, this is what I call com-

fort, Miss Providence," I said, as I looked around and about at the pleasing prospect.

"Yes, my dear," she answered blandly, "and the greatest comfort of all is, there is no man here to mar our enjoyment."

"Men?" exclaimed Miss Lucinda, raising up the plate of muffins suddenly, and putting them down again. "They are"—

"Wretches," put in Miss Providence.

"Wretches, Provy, don't mince your language; they are demons—arch-fiends."

"O, not all, I interrupted, feeling somewhat solicitous about my brothers, and uncles, and cousins.

"Yes, all; my dear, you don't know them as well as we do. Ha! ha! men!" and Lucindy gave a series of defiant, convulsive shrieks.

"Men!" echoed Provy, "ha! ha!" and she picked up a knife, and waved it about in the air like a bloody cut throat, thirsting for his victim.

"Why, my dear," said Miss Lucinda, "they are utterly destitute of religion, to begin with."

"A set of atheists," responded Provy.

"Deists," continued Lucinda.

"Turks without their turbans," ejaculated Providence.

"Then their morals; O, my dear! my dear!" and Miss Lucinda raised her hands in a mute expression of horror. "Just look at some of the Popes. Look at Henry the Eighth, at Francis the Second, at Louis the Fourteenth. Then in modern days, look at Byron, the butcher over the way, the baker round the corner. Why, there is no end to the disgraceful catalogue. God may have made man in his own image, but now he is fallen so low, that he is not fit!"

"To wait on my dear Tabby

Grey," interrupted Miss Provy. "Take another dish of tea, Barbara, love."

I handed up my dish, that looked very like a cup, and Miss Lucinda remarked: "Mr. Harvey is very partial to tea."

"O, is he?" I said. "You have him to tea then, though he is that biped, called man. I wish you had asked him to-night."

Miss Lucinda frowned, and said, drawing herself up, "as our pastor, he takes a dish of tea with us by special invitation, twice a year; but we confine him entirely to spiritual conversation. We do not suffer him to roam into worldly pastures where there is no food for the soul. Before parting we always request him to read the penitential psalms aloud."

"We do not invite him more frequently," observed Miss Provy; "for it might have the effect of flattering his vanity. Men, even the least worst of them, are so vain, 'all is vanity' about them, as the wise king says. Ha! ha! men! men!"

"Ha! ha! men! men!" echoed Miss Lucinda; and these two high-priestesses of Dianah's temple kept up their ha! ha! and their men! men! until they scared the two fat Tabbies out of their slumbers on the warm rug, and they began to stretch their legs and open their sleepy eyes in a manner quite wonderful.

At this juncture the door opened, and Grace, the servant girl, said, in tremulous tones, "please, ma'm, may I go to the circus to-night?"

"The circus, Grace! good heavens, what a sin!" ejaculated Miss Lucinda. "Shut the door, girl, and come in." Grace obeyed. "What put the circus into your foolish head?" asked Miss Lucinda.

"Nothing, ma'm," replied Grace,

bashfully, twisting the corner of her apron.

"Put down your apron, girl, and answer me properly; nothing is no answer at all; nothing means nothing. Have you forgotten your catechism, girl?"

"No, ma'm," said Grace.

"What are you by nature, Grace?"

"A child of wrath, ma'm."

"Deserving punishment?"

"Yes, ma'm."

"What did I promise when I stood your sponsor at the baptismal font?"

"That I should renounce the devil and all his works," responded Grace, demurely.

"Yes, that was my promise. Now, the circus is the devil's presence-chamber; it is decked off to make it alluring; it is a very wicked, a shockingly sinful place; do you know that, Grace?"

"George Morris asked me to go, ma'm," replied Grace; "he never told me it was a sin."

"George Morris!—good heavens!" ejaculated both ladies. "Who is George Morris? Speak out, girl, no hesitating."

"He's the butcher's boy, ma'm."

"The butcher's boy!" said Miss Lucinda, ironically. "Truly aristocratic, I do think. Really, girl, I have no patience with you. Where on earth did you make so low an acquaintance?"

"He brings the meat to the door, ma'm," said poor Grace, turn-
in scarlet.

"And what if he does bring the meat to the door?—that is the very reason you should not have spoken to him. Better never eat meat than have such a dreadful affair under our very roof."

"I have promised to marry him, ma'm," murmured Grace, gaining courage.

"Marry him!" screamed the

ladies. "My dear Lucindy," said Miss Provy, clutching her sister's arm, "how awful!"

"Miserable depravity!" moaned out Miss Lucindy, clutching Grace's arm, and shaking her violently. "You awful bad girl, what do you mean by saying such a thing?—you wicked child, only seventeen, too!"

"Speak gently to her, Lucindy," said Miss Provy, in an alarmed tone. "We must win back the erring, gently. Come here, Grace," she said, mildly. Miss Providence was evidently bent on trying "moral suasion" on the youthful love of the butcher-boy.

"Do you not know that it is very wicked to wish to get married? Are you not aware, too, (we have told you so repeatedly,) that men are very bad people. This young butcher inherits a bad nature from his father, who inherited it from his, and so on."

"I am really ashamed of you, Grace," screamed out Lucindy.

"Now," said Provy, again resorting to "moral suasion," "see how happy Lucindy and I are; we never got married—we abhor the very thought; see how much respected we are; see how independent we are."

"Free, free as air," ejaculated Miss Lucinda, flourishing about her arms.

"Yes," continued Miss Provy, "we do as we please—we go where we please; we are indebted to no man for any of our pleasures or privileges. Why, girl, you are a silly young thing to desire matrimony. Now you belong to yourself; when you marry you are the slave of a man. Come, this will not do; don't let me hear another word about this wicked butcher-boy."

"He's not wicked, ma'm," sobbed out poor Grace.

"But he is wicked," said Miss

Lucinda; "he can't help himself; it is his very nature, against which he neither prays or struggles; and you are a very sinful girl to try and screen him in his wickedness. Let me hear no more about him. Go to the kitchen immediately, and read, on your knees, the psalter through. Tell Martha to lock carefully the door and the gate."

Grace dried her tears, and walked out with a look of stern defiance. Outside the door, in the entry, stood the offending butcher-boy. Grace quietly walked into the street with the youthful swain, went and got married to him, then made her appearance, as a bride, at the circus.

The next morning, when the ladies were at breakfast, she opened the door and walked in. "I have called, ma'm," she smilingly said, "for my things. I am a bride; I got married last night."

"Married!" screamed the ladies. Lucindy, always prompt to act, arose and clutched her severely by the arm. "Walk," she said, in tones of awful majesty, closing the door upon the delinquent. The butcher's young bride vanished as speedily as she had appeared, and Miss Lucinda, sitting down, pale with horror, gasped out:

"What an awful thing to happen in our house!"

"Oh! men, men!" groaned Provy.

One morning—a fatal morning—a gentleman called at the house of the Misses Sharpe, and was ushered in. Lucinda positively refused to go down to any man, so Providence smoothed her braid, looked at herself in the glass, and tripped obligingly down to receive the gentleman. He was the son of their father's old friend, Jacob Clarke; he was just then in the city, and had ventured to call on the ladies for the sake of auld lang

syne. He remembered them well, as little girls, he would not say how long ago—the least said about that the better; but he would say, Providence was very pretty. He remembered well her rosy cheeks and soft, brown hair; ah! was he not addressing Providence now? “He knew her by that same soft, brown hair.”

Providence blushed; “she never was pretty, he was a sad flatterer.”

But *he* thought her pretty; her image had gone with him through life—a divine memory. Ah! these early loves; what hold they take on the mind. He had married, and Hannah had proved a very good wife; but he had the misfortune to bury her; now he was lonely, very lonely, indeed. Man was not born to be alone; his spirit pines for the sweet companionship of woman.

His conversation was quite affecting, and so worked upon the tender feelings of Providence, that she cordially invited him to stay to tea. Lucinda was disgusted, when her sister ran upstairs and told her what she had done.

“You are as thoughtless as a child, Provy,” she replied, angrily; “as to his loneliness and his grief, I don’t believe a word of it; men always talk that way when they wish to marry again; even if they have their house as full as it will hold of mothers, grandmothers, aunts and sisters, they walk amidst a multiplicity of females, all highly interesting and agreeable people, and cry lonely. O, they are a deceitful race, and if this man has come here to hunt for a wife he is greatly mistaken;” and Miss Lucinda dashed out of the room.

“The imperial votress passed on,
In maiden meditation fancy free.”

But, even in that home of the vestals, there was a wife for Mr.

Jacob Clarke; and he came and came again, until the fair Providence consented to endow him with her hand, and, what was of infinitely more consequence to him, her goods. But, she dared not breathe the rash promise to Lucinda; in her exasperated state it would throw her into fits. Accordingly, one sunny morning, when the skies were blue and the sun was golden, in walks Providence Clarke, born Sharpe, and says, in triumphant tones:

“Lucindy, this is my husband.”

“What!” screamed Lucindy;

“Provy, you are certainly mad.”

“Dear sister Lucinda,” said Jacob Clarke, smilingly, “Providence never exhibited more striking signs of sanity than in marrying me. Yes, I have the supreme happiness of calling myself the husband of your charming sister. We were united in the silken bonds of matrimony a few moments ago; we have returned to ask you to give us an affectionate welcome.”

“Never,” said the indignant Lucinda; “you have sinned beyond all hope of pardon; leave my presence immediately.”

“He was so lonely,” murmured the bride; “I married him to comfort him.”

“She did, indeed,, blessed woman,” ejaculated Jacob Clarke.

“O, go away, both of you,” sobbed out Lucinda; “better be dead than subjected to these constant shocks.”

A few weeks after her marriage, Providence wrote to her sister, imploring forgiveness. “O,” she said, “Lucindy, I am so happy; Jacob is one of the sweetest and dearest men that ever lived; he is a perfect pearl; matrimony is the most charming state I was ever in. How could we denounce these noble beings as demons; my erring sister; be convinced, they are only

a little lower than the angels. Men, women!"

"She certainly is crazy," said Lucinda, throwing down the letter. "Men, indeed. I don't care to see how she finishes that sentence now."

Miss Lucinda was wretched after the departure of her sister, and the Presbyterian clergyman, who lived next door, was kind enough to step in of an evening, to sit with her and offer consolation. In a short time Lucinda was heard to pronounce him a man of wonderful grace, deeply interesting, and charmingly consolatory. Old prejudices vanished as speedily as

"The tear down childhood's cheek that flows;"

a bishop was superfluous, apostolic descent could not be proved, in short,"

"Stop, stop, aunt, I implore you. I swallowed that story of Miss Provy, but, indeed, I cannot open my

mouth wide enough to take in Lucindy too."

"My dear, if I were telling you a fiction, gladly would I stop here; but this is a veritable history. I regret, for consistency's sake, to say that Lucinda actually married the clergyman. Now, when you protest so positively against matrimony, just think of this story of a woman's *no*. We, none of us, can tell what we may be induced to do in this world of change. Like you, like the Misses Sharpe, I once said I never would marry. I am now Mrs. Villers. Ah! here is my husband. We are just discussing a woman's *no*, my dear."

"What do *you* think of a woman's *no*, uncle," eagerly cried Lucy.

"A woman's *no*; well, let me see, Lucy, love, if Mrs. Villers will excuse me, I must say that my experience of it proves it *gratis dictum*, said for nothing."

"Nature will be reported; all things are engaged in writing its history. The planet, the pebble goes attended by its shadow. The rolling rock leaves its scratches on the mountain, the river its channels in the soil, the animal its bones in the stratum, the fern and leaf their modest epitaph in the coal. The fallen drop makes its sculpture in the sand or stone. Not a foot steps into the snow, or along the ground, but prints in characters, more or less lasting, a map of its march. Every act of man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own face. The air is full of sounds, the sky of tokens, the ground of memoranda and signatures; and every object is covered over with hints, which speak to the intelligent."—*Miller*.

"Persevering mediocrity is much more respectable, and unspeakably more useful than talented inconstancy."

"A noble nature aims its attention breast-high; a mean mind levels its paltry assiduities at the pocket."

"An obstinate man does not hold opinions, but they hold him."

Swift called "observation, an old man's memory."

EDITORS' TABLE.

The pamphlet entitled *Le Pape et le Congrès*, recently published in Paris, and which has created a great sensation all over Europe, is currently attributed to the pen of M. de La Guéronnière, under the direction of the Emperor, although it is fair to add, that the French Minister at Rome is reported to have informed the Pope that it must not be considered as the programme of the French Government. The pamphlet is divided into twelve parts, of which we shall attempt to give, in order, a short *résumé*, taking care to preserve its phraseology as far as the necessary condensation will admit.

The author, announcing himself as a sincere Catholic, thinks that adopting a middle course between two extreme opinions, it is not impossible to preserve to the Sovereign Pontiff his patrimony without imposing on populations by force, an authority which governs in the name of God.

He believes that both Catholic doctrine and political wisdom teach the necessity of the temporal power of the Pope. In a religious point of view this position is essential; politically considered, the chief of two hundred millions of Catholics should be held under subjection by no one power, and, in the governing of souls, be free to rise above all human passions.

For three long centuries Europe found its moral equilibrium deeply disturbed when the Popes allowed their authority to be absorbed by the *Holy Germanic Empire*. The contest of the Guelphs and Ghibelines was at bottom the effort for the moral emancipation of the Papacy from the preponderance of the Emperor of Germany. All the great Popes were Guelphs, a term still retained to express this effort. In fact, all Christian powers, without exception, have a deep interest in the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff.

But in what should this temporal power consist? Founded on dogma, how can it be conciliated with interests of a purely human character? How can the man of the Gospel who pardons be the man of the Law who punishes?

How can the head of the Church who ex-communicates heretics, be the chief of the State who protects liberty of conscience?

The problem is difficult when the species of antagonism is considered which exists between the Prince and the Pontiff united in one person. The Pontiff is bound by principles of divine order, the Prince solicited by exigencies of a social character. The solution of the problem is to be found in none of the usual forms of government—the goal will be reached neither by a monarchy nor by liberty. "The power of the Pope can only be a paternal power. It should resemble rather a family than a State. Thus, not only is an extensive territory unnecessary, but we believe it is essential that it be limited. The smaller the territory the greater the Sovereign."

A large State, the author believes, would feel the want of a political life to associate itself to human progress, but, bound by dogmas, by tradition, it could not. The consequence would then be a total blight of generous activity in public life, or else an overflow of noble aspirations; whence would arise, such as experience has already taught, the necessity of a material force to supply the deficiency of moral authority. Hence an Austrian or French army of occupation. This state of things neither France nor any truly religious man can desire.

"The temporal power of the Pope is therefore necessary and legitimate; but it is incompatible with a State of any extent. It is possible only as devoid of the ordinary conditions of government—all that which constitutes its activity, its development, its progress. It should exist without an army, without a legislative representation, and, so to say, without code and without justice. A regime by itself, approaching, as already stated, the family authority rather than the ruling of a people. Under this regime dogmas are laws, priests are legislators, altars are citadels and spiritual arms, the sole regis of government. Its power is less in its strength than in its

weakness. It dwells in the respect which it imposes, in the happiness which it bestows on those to whom it refuses the satisfactions of a political life."

Hence the conclusion of the author: subjects enough for independence, not enough for a political rôle. In this latter part the Pope would find the conditions of servitude for himself, the necessity of subjection for his people. Rome, the centre of Catholic unity, has taken the place of the capital of the world. Rome is the spot naturally pointed out for the See of the Pope. Under ordinary conditions it would lose its prestige, but, as it now stands, its citizens, if not members of a great country, are the citizens of a glorious metropolis. "The Roman Senate has no compensation worthy of itself but the Vatican." In exchange for so elevated a position, a few hundred thousands of souls may well be withdrawn from national life, while to them are secured both comfort and social help. A member of the Italian Confederacy, the Pope is protected by the federal army. When enemies without or within are to be encountered, he should not draw the sword; his hand should rise only to bless. To sum up, a strictly municipal organization, and nothing besides contemplation, the arts, the culture of reminiscences, prayer. Is this too great a sacrifice when, in exchange for political life, they receive a paternal administration, a moral grandeur, a splendid court endowed by the generous contributions of the Catholic powers of Europe? With such privileges and with great Popes, who would not be proud of the title of Roman citizen—*civis romanus*?

The author, after this introduction, examines the question of the Romagnas. Still a sincere Catholic, he takes the Papal interests alone into consideration. The Romagnas, by the treaty of 1815, being a legitimate possession of the Holy See, their inhabitants must be considered in a state of revolt. The question then arises, whether it is for the interest of the Papacy and of religion that these provinces be restored. The author believes otherwise, and sees in a diminution of territory a source of moral aggrandizement, in consequence of the relief from political resistance, which only tends to paralyze. As things now stand, the Pope could only reign by constraint, whereas he should only reign by inspiring confidence—the only influence to be used by him who governs, Gospel in hand. Bologna, Ancona and Ravenna, separated as they are from Rome by a chain of mountains, by the character of their inhabitants and their historical recollections, add no-

thing to the splendour of the Papal See. It is the Pope reigning at Rome and seated in the Vatican, which strikes the world. The Sovereign of the Papal States is scarcely thought of. The voluntary adhesion of the Romagnas would remove all objection; but this adhesion does not exist in a country preserved only by twenty years of Austrian occupation—Austria being still in Bologna when the French standard appeared on the Alps. To insist, under these circumstances, on a restoration, would oblige the Church to renounce her noblest title—that of Mother. Such is not her wish, nor that of the Catholic world.

Let it, however, be supposed, for the sake of argument, that the Pope is willing to proceed to this dangerous extremity. How are the Romagnas to be restored? Persuasion and wise counsels having signally failed, force alone remains. But restoration by force has always eventually proved a failure. It is true that France brought Pius IX. back to Rome; but this already was a misfortune for the Church, as proved by the necessity of a French army of occupation; although it should be added that the past grandeur of Rome points out her exceptional destiny. Such has been the decree of civilization, of history, even of God himself. But can this destiny apply to the other cities of the Roman States? By no means. The siege of each city of the Romagnas would prove the moral ruin of the Sovereign Pontiff, exchanging his sublime pontificate for a dictatorship. To go on still farther, who of France or of Austria would be entrusted with this forced restoration?

France? She could not. As a Catholic nation, she could not inflict so deep a wound on the moral influence of Catholicity; as a liberal nation, she could not use constraint against the repulsion felt by a people for any government.

It has never been in the habit of France to constrain nations. When she has meddled, it has been to free them. The assistance given to America by Louis XVI., the marked influence of France in forming the Kingdoms of Greece, of Belgium, of the Danubian Principalities, are adduced by the author as examples. He considers this rule of conduct as especially marking the present policy of France. She has used, in Italy, her utmost endeavour to reconcile the people with their rulers; all in vain. She cannot forget that the new governments saw the light the day Austria departed. They were the legitimate offspring of a reaction against foreign occupation.

It would certainly have suited the

moderation of France had the promised reforms been accepted; but she cannot turn her bayonets against the country she protected six months ago, and "leave to England, our liberal ally, the exclusive privilege of claiming the consequences of the Emperor's undertaking and of the triumph of our arms."

Shall, then, Austria intervene?—shall all the blood shed and sums expended, have been shed and expended in vain? French policy knows no such contradictions, no such weakness. Justice is, however, due to Austria's loyalty and good sense—she has no such pretensions.

There remains only Naples to consider. But she has need at home of all her armed forces. Should they, however, interfere, Naples, the champion of absolutism, would be opposed by liberal Piedmont. Civil war, and then anarchy, would be the end.

The author now comes to the Congress as the only "regular, efficacious and legitimate means of intervention—a body based on international law."

The Congress of Paris has full power to change, in 1860, what that of Vienna accomplished in 1815; and in regard to the action of the first body on the Romagnas, supposing these to be withdrawn from the Papacy, there would exist a manifest difference. In 1815 the Romagnas were disposed of, in 1860 there would be the simple recording of a *fait accompli*. The competency of the Congress cannot be denied, without denying to the Congress of Vienna—as composed, principally, of schismatic powers—the right to have disposed, in favour of the Pope, of the Marches and the Romagnas.

History rejects the opinion of the indivisibility of the Papal territory. These changes the pamphleteer passes in review, from the time Pepin of France bestowed the Romagnas on Pope Stephen II. To maintain another doctrine would be to deny the sovereignty of France over Avignon and the Venaissin County, ceded to France, in 1796, by Pius VI., at Tolentino, along with the territories of Bologna, Ferrara and Romagna. The spiritual authority of the Pope is alone immutable.

What is to be done? According to the author, both those who would take all away from the Pope and those who would give him all, although radically opposed, would produce a like effect on the Papacy.

"We believe there is a more feasible plan. First, we would wish that the Congress acknowledge, as an essential principle of European order, the necessity of the Pope's temporal power. This, for us, is the main point. The

principle possesses, in our eyes, greater value than the more or less of territorial possession which would be its natural consequence. As regards possession, the city of Rome sums up its importance. The city of Rome and the patrimony of St. Peter must be secured to the Pope, by the great powers, with a large revenue paid by the Catholic States, as a tribute of respect and protection, to the Head of the Church. An Italian militia, composed of chosen men from among the Federal troops, must ensure the tranquillity and the inviolability of the Holy See. Municipal liberty, on as broad a basis as possible, must relieve the Pope from all the details of government, and thus procure a share of public local being to those who are disinherited of political life. Finally, all complications—all idea of war and revolt, must forever be banished from the territory governed by the Pope, and we must be able to say: "Wherever reigns the Vicar of Christ, there, also, reign concord, well-being and peace." Why deceive ourselves? The Holy See stands, at the present, on a volcano, constantly threatened with revolution. Military occupations compromise, while they protect. A change is necessary. The Emperor Napoleon felt that, to save the Papacy, Italy should first be free. God has blessed his projects and given him victory. May his be the honour of reconciling the Pope, as temporal Sovereign, with his people, with his times. "This is what every sincere Catholic heart should ask of God."

We have thus given the substance of the pamphlet, and do not design making any comments upon it. Our readers may, however, be interested to know the opinions of the French press. They will find them fairly presented in the following extracts.

Mr. Gaillardet, in his last letter to the *Courier des Etats Unis*, referring to the Bishop of Orleans' answer to the pamphlet, says:

"Encouraged by the effect of his last pastoral letter, the Bishop of Orleans has again descended into the arena, and attacked the anonymous author of the pamphlet, whom he treats with supreme disdain. 'Take care,' says he, 'you will finish by wounding us. I cannot say whether we needed to be awakened; but you succeed admirably in opening our eyes.' He calls upon the author to make himself known—to take off his mask—and reminds him that he who touches the rock of the Holy See is shattered. The letter of M. Dupanloup is divided, as a sermon, into three parts: *the principles, the means and the object*. As regards the principles, the Bishop of Orleans does not admit the incom-

patibility the author has sought to establish between dogma and progress—between the obligations of the pontiff and those of the temporal prince. 'Have social order and divine order become antagonistic?' The means are worth no more than the principles. Accomplished facts are solely a revolutionary argument, and the Congress is not omnipotent. The object, finally, is the ruin of the Papacy, reduced to a maintenance and to the Vatican, with its gardens. 'Napoleon I. dragged the Pope away from Rome: it brought him no good fortune; you seek to stifle him there.'

The "*Siccle*" says: "We cannot but approve of this double solution. It is in accord with the spirit of the French Revolution as well as with political necessities. In order to save the Pope's temporal power, it is to be transformed—to be placed in a sphere inaccessible to human passions. The question of reforming the Roman administration is solved by the same Act. We shall see no more children forced away from their parents, no more punishments inflicted in the name of one who ought never to intervene, except to grant mercy and pardon. With a Roman administration altogether municipal, alone responsible, and the Pope no longer combining in himself two personages contrary to each other, no man would any longer have cause to curse him. The Pope would only make his appearance to give and receive benedictions. All politicians, who think every religion should be respected, and that it is impossible to place too high in men's esteem the chief of a faith professed by two hundred millions of souls—all sincere Roman Catholics—will rejoice with us at such a transformation, which will save the Papacy. We expect to hear the lamentations of the Ultramontanes, the complaints of those who understand the interests of religion so ill, as to expose it to the fierce strife of political passions; but the good sense of the public will prove the stronger."

Widely different from this is the sentiment of the "*Univers*:"

"So much for this famous piece of writing. Its importance does not consist in the intrinsic force and in the novelty of the reasons which it sets forth. If these reasons were subjected to discussion, they would not resist it; history, the right of Christian nations, and the honour of crowns, equally reject them. If it be decided that they shall dominate in the congress, we are on the eve of the greatest and the most formidable events which men can witness; and the nineteenth century will bequeath much uneasiness to posterity. Whoever may be the author of this pam-

phlet his authority will be null and void on Catholics. All our bishops, with the exception of two or three, have spoken; and the Holy Father has replied to them. We know the sentiments of Pius IX. on these *faits accomplis* which are brought forward against his sacred rights. The kiss which he now receives will neither deceive him nor any one else."

The following article from an esteemed correspondent, was received too late to be inserted in the body of the work; and in giving it a place in our "Table," it is proper to state, that we dissent from some of its views.

KINGSLEY ON SHELLEY.—The Rev. Charles Kingsley is, we know, an able and distinguished writer; and we believe him to be a thoroughly sincere man and Christian. We believe, that most of his readers have felt the honesty of his character as exhibited in his writings; and any opinion of his carries with it, in addition to its intrinsic value, the great weight of his strong convictions. Every one can understand how vast must be the influence of such a writer, whether for good or for evil. To ask that he should not commit errors, would be the part of ignorance alone, but we are entitled to demand of him, that he shall not commit palpable injustice; that if he deals harshly with names venerated and venerable, he shall, at least, offer some plausible reason for so dealing with them. It is not enough to say, that such are Mr. Kingsley's prejudices of constitution or education, that he is not aware of the injustice he displays. Mr. Kingsley has accustomed his readers to believe in his fairness of thought and freedom from prejudice.

In a volume of "New Miscellanies," lately re-published in this country, Mr. Kingsley puts forth some "Thoughts on Shelley and Byron," in which Shelley's name and character are treated in a way to move the indignation of every right-minded man. What he says of Byron is, in the main, fair enough—though, we think, it would be difficult to prove that Byron was ever "brutal." The dissertation on English poetry and its decline, with which the article begins, is neither more nor less valuable than hundreds of similar dissertations written, and to be written, by those who will never learn that there is no stereotyped style of poetry; that Homer does not render Dante impossible; that there is room for Milton, even though Dante lived before him; that Pope did not exhaust the genius of England; that Wadsworth is no less natural than Spenser.

With this dissertation we have, at

present, no peculiar concern, further than to point out Mr. Kingsley's want of appreciation of Shelley as a poet necessarily resulting from his confessed inability to understand the drift of nearly all modern English poetry. Our immediate object is to examine the charges brought against Shelley in these "Thoughts." Mr. Kingsley quotes Byron's letter to Murray, of January 23d, 1819:

"Read Pope—most of you don't—but do....and the inevitable consequence would be, that you would burn all that I have ever written, and all your other wretched Claudians of the day, (except Scott and Crabbe,) into the bargain".... "And here," says Mr. Kingsley, "arises a new question. Is Shelley among the Claudians?" And straightway decides that he is. We think no man could desire to see more flimsy reasoning. Because Byron writes of Claudians to be burned, not naming Shelley, be it observed, therefore, the Claudians are burned; Byron's written opinion of the matter placing it beyond question.

Byron was a great poet, and a man of strong sense, but his opinions are hardly entitled to this deference. Mr. Kingsley would probably allow that Waller was a respectable poet and a man of some intellectual acumen; would he, therefore, subscribe to Waller's written opinion of "Paradise Lost:"—"The blind old school-master, John Milton, hath writ a long rambling poem, full of angels and devils?" *

It is not enough to bring forward the authority of a great name in order to establish a verdict. Intelligent men will desire to be informed of the facts in the case; and it is quite superfluous to point out that the verdict of the world in regard to the poets alluded to by Byron completely sets aside his judgment.

Mr. Kingsley revives the exploded notion of the "Satanic" poetry, in order to lay the responsibility of it at Shelley's door. "Neither of the men," he says, "was a devil; but there is this moral difference between them....Byron has the most intense and awful sense of moral law—of law external to himself. Shelley has little or none; less, perhaps, than any writer who has ever meddled with moral questions." And then he writes of Shelley's "lewdness and worship of uncleanness." Now, we quite agree with Mr. Kingsley about Byron's sense of moral law; and we find the cause of this keen sense of law to consist in the fact, that Byron had positively violated and outraged all morality.

His cry of agony, terrible and but too real, was the cry of a lofty spirit conscious of sin; sin which might have been resisted, though the impulses which drove him to it were very mighty. Byron's poetry reflects Byron's life; as the one terrible thought of his life was the defilement of his sin; so in his writings the woe, and misery and self-torture of the sinner are never long forgotten.

We do not find the same element in Shelley's poetry. How should we? Mr. Kingsley calls Shelley lewd and unclean; but the unanimous testimony of all who knew the man, gives the lie to such terms. Men, no ways sentimental, cool, incredulous men of the world, have left it on record, that Shelley was one of the purest of human beings. Many divines have written of Shelley; but Mr. Kingsley is the first and only person, so far as we know, who has ever dared to bring such a monstrous charge against this amiable, pure-hearted poet. No man is permitted to falsify history, as Mr. Kingsley does in this instance. Shelley's life was the life of a spiritual, pure-minded, enthusiastic man; it would, indeed, be remarkable if his writings revealed phases of experience utterly impossible to such a character.

When we inquire for the evidence on which Mr. Kingsley founds this astounding charge, we find only that Shelley lived with a woman, whom he acknowledged as his wife before all the world, although their union was never sanctified by the church. This is the single evidence against the purity of his life; it is not even pretended that he was ever unfaithful to his wife. What if Shelley had concealed this connection and been ashamed of it? Would that have made him moral? It is well to remember that there is, at least, one Christian country in which,† at the present day, a man and woman living as Shelley lived with his wife, are regarded as man and wife, assume all the responsibilities and are entitled to all the benefits of that condition. We are not excusing such laxity in regard to the sacredness of marriage; none can look upon that condition with deeper reverence than we. But we submit, that faithfulness and purity in a relation openly acknowledged cannot justly be characterized as lewdness. And the great justification of Shelley's conduct in this matter has been wholly—we do not like to say wilfully—overlooked by Mr. Kingsley. Marriage is one of the sacraments of the Christian Church;

* We quote from memory; the above is, in substance, correct.

† Scotland.

and to Shelley the whole scheme of Christian society, simply as Christian, was hateful and abhorrent. Shelley violated what he firmly believed to be the laws of a monstrous and wicked theocracy. To his distempered but sincere mind, the farthest removal from Christian observances was the nearest approach to morality and true religion. We may deplore, we may condemn such vital errors of belief; but we surely are not at liberty to be unjust to him who is so fatally mistaken. His own mistake entails upon him more than enough of suffering; and when we find this same individual living a life of practical virtue and innocence, honestly using his powers for what he believed to be the good of his fellow-men, and winning the affectionate respect of all brought into personal relations with him, do we not feel that our duty is rather charity and sympathy than denunciation and hatred.

Every one knows by what persecutions Shelley's early, ignorant revolt from Christianity was hardened into an inveterate hostility. That sad story need not here be repeated; but it is very necessary that it should be present in the minds of all who undertake to read for themselves the meaning of Shelley's life. For years did but systematize his hostility. It may, perhaps, be objected by some, that Shelley's early hatred of the Christian name should have yielded to the influence of years and a more matured intellect. We are not sustaining Shelley in his error; we do but state the truth of his case as it appears to us, and dealing with him, so far as we know how, in a spirit of charity. Doubtless, it had been well if his mind and heart had so far recovered from the first shock of his grievous wrongs as to enable him to look with impartial eyes on the power under which he suffered; to separate the priests of religion—fallible men like himself—from the doctrines and spirit of their religion. This he could not do; and few men, even in advanced life, are possessed of the philosophical calmness necessary for such impartiality. We must also remember, that to Shelley's mind, this evil influence of Christianity, as he conceived it, was the one great cause of all the ills which afflicted human society, so far as his experience of society was concerned. Law, "external law," to which Mr. Kingsley would have had Shelley bend, was the creation of this same religion; and the poet, feeling most acutely for the sufferings of his fellow-man, (sufferings often existing only in his fevered brain,) became an enthusiastic, uncompromising reformer. For him, the first work was

to rouse all men by every means in his power to shake off the deadly influence that lay upon them. Christianity, he argued, was an evil superstition; the influence of it, therefore, must be un-mixed evil. Every institution, then, which formed part of such a system was to be overthrown without pity or mercy; for liberty and virtue were otherwise impossible. Christianity sanctified marriage; but the reformed world would utterly put away marriage. Christianity drew men together under organized governments; but the reformed world would have no need of governments or laws, for the light of nature would guide men in the right way. Christianity was the cause of wickedness and vice; the reformed world would be pure and virtuous, because all good was implanted in man originally.

These were, surely, very fantastic visions; but how many pure and good men have dreamed such dreams, and endeavoured to reduce similar theories to practice?

Shelley's sincerity was shown, in his personal adoption of the new life, so far as such adoption was possible in a Christian country. That he did not go farther, and found a new society, was owing partly, no doubt, to the want of means, but, in a far greater degree, to this belief, that he laboured more effectually in the good cause, by his writings, than he could ever hope to do by a new foundation.

Whatever name we may give to such a man—enthusiast, visionary, fanatic—we cannot hold any man justified in denouncing him as a hypocrite. This Mr. Kingsley does; sneering at Shelley's cant, at his gentleness, at his very diet of vegetables. That Shelley was gentle, is true; but not Lancelot himself was a sterner knight to his mortal foe. And if we understand the term "sentimentalist," as applied reproachfully, to no man is such a term less applicable than to Shelley. A sentimentalist, we take it, is one who utters fine sentiments purely as a matter of display; but the very slightest acquaintance with Shelley's writings will convince every fair-minded reader that this writer believed everything he uttered. One is almost ashamed to notice such very small criticism as Mr. Kingsley's observations on Shelley's diet.

Shelley believed vegetable diet to be the only healthful, pure diet for man. Mr. Kingsley believes the same of a meat diet. In each case the belief had its foundation, no doubt, in personal experience. For our own part, we cannot see that the one diet is more respectable than the other; and it does seem to us that a grown man is fully adequate

to decide for himself what food he will eat. No doubt Mr. Kingsley's reference to this matter of diet was intended to assist the impression of Shelley's feebleness and sentimentalism; yet he can hardly be supposed ignorant of the fact, that the most formidable warriors of antiquity lived upon a vegetable diet; while the finest models of physical strength and beauty, in the modern world, are the Lazzaroni of Naples, whose sustenance is macaroni and fruits. We should be loth to retort upon Mr. Kingsley the charge of cant, which he makes so decidedly against Shelley; but, we must say, that he gives us quite too much of beef and boxing. Both are wholesome in their way, and in moderation; but we really are unable to see that they imply, *per se*, gallantry, intelligence and all excellence.

As we said in the beginning, we believe Mr. Kingsley to be a thoroughly honest man; and we ascribe the somewhat offensive prominence of muscle and bone, in his writings, to the excellence of his health, and the exaggerated materialism of the age.

After quoting the beautiful "Stanzas, written in dejection," Mr. Kingsley interprets their sadness of tone in the way most favourable to his severe judgment. This is hard measure. What thoughtful man, aspiring perpetually to realize lofty conceptions, and perpetually failing—with the daily spectacle before his eye of misery he can only hope to relieve—outraged in his best affections; reviled by the very men he would elevate and purify—what man, so baffled and exiled, would not sometimes give utterance to heavy and mournful thoughts? We confess to a feeling of warm indignation at the entire want of feeling displayed by Mr. Kingsley in his few remarks on these pathetic words. What can we think of the man who can find no better terms than "empty and sentimental," for words like these, wrung from the heart?

Yet, now, despair itself is mild,
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down, like a tired child,
And weep away this life of care,
Which I have borne and still must bear,
Till death, like sleep, might seize on me,
And I might feel, in the warm air,
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last
monotony!"

We are told by Mr. Kingsley that "Shelley's range of vision is very narrow; his subjects few, his reflections still fewer. . . . he has a deep heart, but not a wide one; an intense eye, but not a catholic one. And, therefore, he

never wrote a real drama; for, in spite of all that has been said to the contrary, Beatrice Cenci is really none other than Percy Bysshe Shelley himself, in petticoats."

We have quoted this passage to show what pitiful logic a man of sense and ability is driven to use, when he writes merely to make out a case, and with no desire to be impartial. We do Mr. Kingsley the justice to suppose him persuaded, in his own mind, that Shelley ought to be hateful, and must be feeble; but truth compels us to say that what are offered as arguments in the "Thoughts," are specious and flaccid to the last degree. After the style of the last passage quoted, it may be proved, "in spite of all that is said to the contrary," that Shakspeare never wrote a drama; that Cæsar was destitute of intellect; that Newton did not understand geometry; or that nothing men receive as established, is to be believed. And, conscious of the absurdity of his dictum, Mr. Kingsley descends to the stage-trick of a poor vulgarity, intended for wit.

We have written, perhaps, at greater length than the subject required; but, in the defence of one so good, so pure, so unhappy and so persecuted as Shelley, words come almost unbidden. That young life, with all its errors, all its noble aspirations, is at rest forever; and we, who read his tragical story, may never forget that we, also, are tempted; that we are not without sin; that not unto us is it given to sit in judgment upon one whose life was animated by a divine love.

Washington Irving received for the English Edition of "Bracebridge Hall," published by Murray, 1000 guineas; for the "Conquest of Granada," £2000, and for the "Life of Columbus," 3000 guineas.

It is reported of Campbell, the poet, that at a dinner given by a literary association, he proposed as a toast the health of Bonaparte, "because he shot a bookseller"—and yet Mr. Campbell's own dealings with the guild exhibit a liberality on their part which deserved a better return. He sold the copy-right of "The Pleasures of Hope" to Mundell & Co., for £50, but they voluntarily added £25 sterling for every 1000 copies printed, and also allowed him to issue for his own benefit an edition by subscription, so that he received altogether for the poem about £1,500, (\$20,000).

Murray also contracted with him to edit the "Specimens of the English Poets" for £500, and on the completion of the work, of his own accord, doubled the sum.

LITERARY NOTICES.

History of Georgia, Vol. II. By Rev Wm. Bacon Stevens, M. D., D. D. Philadelphia. 1859.

Since the publication of the first volume of this history, eleven years ago, the conclusion of the work has been constantly expected with eagerness, both from the interesting events to be narrated, and from the well-known ability and eloquence of the writer. Selected to be the historian of the State by the Historical Society at Savannah, in the year 1841, supplied with abundant materials, sustained and encouraged with unabated confidence, the author has, at last, completed his labours, and presents his second volume, with a preface, which excites more than ordinary anticipations; displaying the richness and authenticity of the materials submitted for his use, and assuring us, that his long delay has enabled him to bring to his pleasing task greater resources for the narrative, and greater maturity of mind, so that he has written "with more soberness, accuracy and propriety, than he could have done, had he finished the work ten years earlier."

From the nature of such a history, several years are requisite for a final judgment on its truthfulness and permanent value—a judgment which is the combined result of the opinions of those who, in different sections of Georgia, are acquainted with the particulars of local traditions, and cognizant of the consequences of the deeds and principles of preceding periods—a judgment the result also of the opinions of those who have investigated the same or similar records of the past. The merits of the history by Dr. Stevens must, therefore, await the slow, but unfailing verdict of the future. We design, at present, only to notice its recent completion, and mention such impressions as we have received from a rapid perusal. The volume is divided into three books relating to the Royal Government, the Revolution, and Georgia as an independent State down to the adoption of the Constitution of 1798. The previous volume began very far off from the real history of Georgia; the second terminates with the sixty-sixth year after the

settlement, leaving the history of the last sixty-two years untouched. But historians have ever been charmed towards the mythical past, and have shrunk from the unplastic and incipient realities of the present. Georgia is now a powerful State. But from the time Oglethorpe landed at Yamacraw till the Revolution, it would be preposterous to say she was more than a feeble colony. To compose two large and interesting volumes on the brief period of such a colony, from 1732 to 1798, and that too without entering much into detail, is a literary performance which few would be able to accomplish with the spirit and elegance that characterize the history by Dr. Stevens.

Much of the volume before us is now for the first time published in the form of a history, having been prepared from various and often discordant statements and records, public and private. No haste, no relaxation from research could be indulged; but there was demanded patient and continuous labour to produce from these a consistent narrative which all would receive as historic truth. The difficulty of the task should be borne in mind by the critical reader. But there may be critical readers indisposed to receive every account in the volume as the complete historic truth. Some future investigator might desire to examine the same sources of information which the historian has used. It is to be regretted, therefore, that Dr. Stevens purposely omits to make references to his authorities, because they are manuscript authorities, "and could not be referred to by the general reader." (Pref. p. 14.) Granting, as others must do to enjoy it, the general correctness of the narrative, we commend the description of the sieges of Savannah and Augusta as recounted with graphic power. The scene at the opening of the office for grants of land—the burning of the Act of 7th January, '95—the battles of Kettle Creek and Brier Creek, and other short descriptions, are worthy of the highest praise. With the same vividness are portrayed all the circumstances attending the Yazoo speculations, the demoralization of many of the inhabitants in the more sparsely settled

regions of Georgia, and the constant and successful efforts of the better class of citizens to establish, against all opposition, the foundations of a wise State polity.

Other impressions furnished by our perusal are not so favourable: and may, no doubt, be considered trivial in comparison with the excellencies of the volume. For instance, some inaccuracies of style have startled us; but they are such as would not be worthy of notice, if the general correctness of the author did not make them so. We quote a few of these: "Though several of McGirth's party were killed *and* taken prisoners," p. 242; "much strength and efficacy *was* wasted," p. 253; "there *was* developed to them the means and bribes," etc. p. 478; "victims *which*," referring to persons—land reserved, "agreeable" to an Act. On p. 219, eleven hundred is said to be "nearly one-third" of, "not quite, four thousand." On p. 75: "Lord North; like a wise Paliurus, foreseeing the danger, desired to retire from the helm of State." If the comparison includes the whole sentence, it does injustice to the classic helmsman, who, if we remember Virgil correctly, never desired to abandon the helm. Not even the overpowering god of sleep could relax his faithful hold upon the rudder.

But, turning from these slight mistakes, we venture to make two complaints of more importance. The subjects treated of in the volume appear detached from one another, as pictures are upon the walls of a room. Though arranged in chronological sequence, there is not exhibited—at least, we have not perceived—any clear connection between them all as parts of a whole. The same attention to cause and effect, traceable in the separate chapters, seems not to have been bestowed on the entire work from the beginning to the end of the volume. We do not mean that there should be such unity as is requisite in a novel or drama, but that we think the progress of Georgia from 1732, in her development of great principles, and in her rapid growth in physical prosperity, admits of a clearer representation, furnishing more threads than one to be kept in view by the historian through the whole tissue of events that make up the history of the colony and State. Such progress could have been the more easily kept prominent to the reader, as the author has not written a minute account of every occurrence, but a general sketch, making his own selection of topics. If we are mistaken, and there really has been kept up throughout the volume the proper connection between all its parts, still, we say, the volume is faulty, inasmuch as

it contains no table of contents, or prefatory explanation sufficient to guide such desultory readers as we are.

The second complaint we venture to make is, that the author seems too much inclined to pitch upon somebody in South Carolina to blame for the failures in Georgia. On more than one occasion, a Carolinian thwarts the apparent designs of Providence, and renders vain the virtue and energy which would have achieved success. We doubt if this kind of spicy historical matter will suit the taste of those who have generously pressed the author to complete his work. What proofs there are for such passages in the history may fall under criticism hereafter. Similar disparagements in the first volume have already been examined in this magazine. From the present volume we give the following. During the excitement on the Stamp Act, Georgia consented to use stamps for clearances of vessels at Savannah. The other colonies took umbrage at this, particularly South Carolina. As was very natural in such an excitement, considerable abuse was heaped upon the Georgia colonists, and severe resolutions passed about them. Dr. Stevens does not let the dispute drop into forgetfulness: p. 48: "But the injustice of these measures towards Georgia will be evident, when it is remembered that, through the irresolution of Governor Bull, the port of Charleston itself was open, under pretence that no stamped papers could be had, when, in fact, they were lodged, by his authority, in Fort Johnson, whence, overawed by the populace, he dared not remove, nor did he dare to use them. Charleston, also, was a city of many thousand inhabitants, and its governor hesitating and timorous; while Savannah had hardly as many hundreds, controlled by a chief magistrate whose energy and decision could neither be wearied by importunity, nor daunted by danger." On this subject we will let Governor Bull speak for himself in a letter which we will annex to this notice. Again, p. 302—In 1776, the South Carolina General Assembly unanimously passed a resolution, "that a union between the two States of South Carolina and Georgia would tend effectually to promote their strength, wealth and dignity, and to secure their liberty, independence and safety." William Henry Drayton was one of the Commissioners sent to treat with the Legislature of Georgia on this union for mutual assistance and safety. Georgia declined acceding to such union. In the controversy that ensued, an article from the pen of Mr. Drayton appeared, which Dr. Stevens quotes, with the remark: "Such an insolent commu-

nication evinced the *animus* of the men who moved in this matter, and excited general disgust. These prompt measures of Governor Treatlen put a stop to the efforts of those who sought to reduce Georgia to a state of vassalage to South Carolina."

Yet thirteen pages are not added before we find the historian recording a sufficient answer to his charge of seeking "to reduce Georgia to a state of vassalage," p. 315: "At the same time, the council addressed a communication to the Governor of South Carolina, briefly reciting their grievances and distress—without representatives in Congress, without a Legislature, without money to pay the services of its soldiery, surrounded by enemies, and expecting still further subjugation—and then they ask assistance, both pecuniary and military, to enable them to maintain their stand, and not abandon Georgia entirely to the British. Their appeals were not unheeded, and a few weeks saw the combined army of the French and Americans, under Count d'Estaing and General Lincoln, lay siege to Savannah."

And nobly did South Carolina shed her blood on that occasion, in behalf of struggling Georgia whose interests were linked with her own. Yet it came to pass, that James Curry, (who had been a clerk in Charleston, and had joined the expedition,) as soon as the plan of attacking Savannah had been agreed on by the American and French commanders, "deserted to the enemy with the entire programme of operations," (p. 215.) and thus occasioned the lamentable repulse. Again, p. 223: "Looking back upon the siege of Savannah, and taking in all its operations at one survey, we are astonished at the number of errors which seemed [seem would be better] to mark the contest. The first great error was in the French fleet passing by Beaufort, without capturing Colonel Maitland and his eight hundred men. The overwhelming force of the French could easily have effected this, but the Charleston pilots refused to take the ships over Port Royal bar." But if the Charleston pilots had made the attempt, and run a few ships aground, what then?

We close this brief notice of Dr. Stevens' second volume, protesting against the spirit of these quotations, whose tendency (though perhaps not so designed) is to lessen the harmony existing between Georgia and South Carolina. Whatever may have been the trivial errors of the past on one side and the other, the time may come when only a generous rivalry should be theirs in contributing once more to their common glory and prosperity.

A letter from Lieutenant-Governor Bull to the Board of Trade, as copied for the author of "Political Annals" and "Revolt of the American colonies," and now published from his manuscript collection.

"**LIUTENANT-GOVERNOR BULL TO THE BOARD OF TRADE.**

Charles-Town, 3d Nov., 1769.

"My Lords,—I think it my duty to acquaint your lordships with some very extraordinary and universal commotions which have happened in this town upon the arrival of the stamp papers.

"Accounts had been received from Boston of the outrages committed there on the 14th and 16th of August last, and also of those at Rhode Island, to show their determined resolutions to prevent or elude the execution of the Stamp Act in those provinces, and also of the intention of other provinces at the northward had expressed to the like purpose, though not with so much violence; all which have undoubtedly been transmitted to your lordships, and I now presume to mention them only as the unhappy cause of what has happened here.

"New England vaunts its numbers, and arrogates glory to itself in taking the lead of North America. For, before these accounts came, the people of this province, though they conceived it too great a burden, seemed generally disposed to pay a due obedience to the Act; and, at the same time, in a dutiful and respectful manner, to represent to his Majesty the hardships which it would lay them under, and to pray relief therein. I must do them the justice to add, that in all other respects, the king has no subjects that express and show more loyalty to his Majesty than the people of this province.

"But by the artifices of some busy spirits, the minds of men here were so universally poisoned with the principles which were imbibed and propagated from Boston and Rhode Island, (from which towns, at this time of the year, vessels very frequently arrive,) that after their example the people of this town resolved to seize and destroy the stamp papers, and to take every means of deterring the stamp officers from executing their duty.

"Upon the arrival of the stamp paper, on the 20th ult., a great concourse of men assembled. Application was thereupon made to me for protection of the papers, as the intentions of the populace were too well known to be doubted, I thought it my duty to secure them from destruction, or even insult, and therefore requested Captain Fenshaw, of his Majesty's sloop *Speedwell*, to receive them on board until it should be neces-

sary to remove them on shore for the execution of the Act. His ship was then heaving down at Hobcaw to careen, and he thought it not safe to have them on board as he lay at a wharf. I then desired he would send his boats armed, to take the packages of stamp papers out of the ship which brought them, before night; at which time the populace vowed to execute their design. This he readily complied with, and I sent the papers down to Fort Johnson; and lest their madness should attempt to carry their scheme into execution, I re-inforced the garrison with a detachment of a sergeant and twelve royal Americans who happened to be in town, that the appearance of military troops joining the few provincials there might deter them from the rash undertaking; and I gave directions to Col. Haworth, who commands in that fort, to take every precaution against surprise, and put it in the best posture of defence against an escalade. These measures happily prevented their making any attempt on the papers. Their fury was then directed towards striking a terror to the stamp officers, if they persisted to perform their duty; which was done, by night, in great numbers battering the house of Mr. Saxby, who was suspected to have arrived; and hunting after Mr. Caleb Lloyd—searching his lodgings—who had prudently withdrawn himself.

"On the same day information was given to me, that the stamp papers were arrived. I summoned the Council, acquainting them therewith, and what I had done thereon, and took my oath to use my utmost endeavours to carry the Act into execution; and as this commotion began on Saturday, while the Court of General Sessions for the whole province was sitting in town, I thought proper to recommend to the Chief Justice to require all peace officers to exert themselves in suppressing such unlawful assemblies. But the infection was too generally spread to receive any check from his authority. On the Monday, being informed what had happened on the Saturday and Sunday nights, I published a proclamation, offering a reward, from my own pocket, of £50 sterling to any person who would discover the author of the outrage, and a pardon to any informer who was an accomplice, and commanded all judges, &c., to do their duty in preserving the public peace. But all this produced not the desired effect. And some insults having been committed, and several persons' houses entered, under pretence of searching for stamp papers, I ordered an advertisement to be published, that they were, by my orders, lodged in Fort Johnson. The commotions on this, in some measure, subsided, till the arrival

of Mr. Saxby and Mr. Lloyd, to deter them or any other person from doing their duty under that Act. Mr. Saxby, having been apprised of these dispositions by his friends, on the first arrival of the ship, prudently declined coming up to town, but went on shore at Fort Johnson, whither Mr. Lloyd had also retired for his safety, which was all the protection my power could afford them. The commotions still continued, and all this during the sitting of the Court of Sessions, which by law is invested with the powers of the King's Bench in criminal matters, till on Monday, these two officers, prevailed on by the importunate request of their friends, consented to decline acting until the sense of the Parliament of Great Britain should be known upon the joint petition of the colonies, which is now on the anvil at New York. These two gentlemen wrote me a letter on the occasion of their declining to act; a copy of which I have the honour to transmit to your lordships. Although these very numerous assemblies of the people bore the appearance of the common populace, yet there is great reason to apprehend they were animated and encouraged by some considerable men, who stood behind the curtain. This contagion has spread through this whole country, and many are alarmed by various false representations, not only of what this Act enjoins, but with fears of what is to follow from future laws of the like nature.

"As there are no stamp papers that can be issued during this situation, a stop is now put to all business in every office where they are required; and notwithstanding the great inconvenience and detriment which it will occasion, the people, at present, seem determined to submit to them patiently till they see the fate of New England, which I presume they will follow in returning to their duty in this matter, as soon as they know that province is brought to their terms.

"I have thus endeavoured, my lords, to represent to your lordships, a faithful and circumstantial account of the unhappy situation of this province, on account of this spirit of opposition to the Stamp Act; in which relation I thought it my duty to be very particular, that your lordships might be the better enabled to judge what was necessary to be done for his Majesty's service thereupon; and at the same time, my lords, may I humbly hope to appear to your lordships to have performed everything in my power for the service of his Majesty, and the preserving the public peace of the province. And I flatter myself I shall, when your lordships will please to consider that I had none but the civil magistracy to enforce my or-

ders; and that they are to be supported by the *posse comitatus*, of which those concourses of people were composed; and I am morally certain, my lords, any attempts to quell them by force would have occasioned the shedding of blood without effecting the end proposed thereby.

"The new-elected Assembly met on the 29th ult., and in their answer to my recommending to them to form their deliberations upon the principle of duty to his Majesty, and the considering the service of the king and their country as inseparable, and as the surest foundation whereon to establish the tranquillity, prosperity and happiness of their country, they declared their resolution to proceed upon these dutiful and loyal principles, which they trusted would produce freedom and happiness to their constituents. Being too early to enter upon the ordinary business of the year, they had my leave to adjourn to the 25th inst. Whether a little longer time, and the examples of the Assemblies of several other provinces in coming to bold resolutions, which assert the independency of America in taxing themselves, exclusive of any other power, will contaminate our Assembly and lead them to come to such resolutions also, is what I do not think impossible, though it may be, at present, somewhat doubtful. Wherefore, I will not flatter your lordships, or myself, with too sanguine expectations therein.

"I humbly beg your lordships to be assured that I shall do everything in my power to prevent the prerogative of the crown from receiving any indignity, though, as I had the honour to observe before to your lordships, my power can extend its influence but a little way under the present almost universal disposition of the people against the admitting the execution of the Stamp Act.

"As the Granville packet is daily expected here, I may probably receive the Stamp Act by that opportunity. In the meantime, I shall continue to acquaint your lordships with the proceedings in this province on this subject, and with great punctuality perform any commands with which his Majesty, or your lordships, shall be pleased to honour me.

I am, &c."

Thoughts on Certain Political Questions, by a Looker-on. Washington: Geo. S. Gidron. 1859. 104 pp.

This pamphlet is truly what its title imports—Thoughts. It is refreshing to open a volume in which we find the words of a thinker, and not the warped

jargon of a party school. This looker-on is a man who apparently does his own thinking, and, as a natural consequence, we find in it much to which we cannot assent. But what then? Who cares to agree to all that is uttered by a thoughtful man? He has done for us far better than if he had uttered party truisms; he has thought, and thereby elicited thoughts from his readers. For this is, we think, one of the criteria of true and genuine thought, as distinguished from a mere echo of received doctrines, that it sets the thinking faculty of others in action.

Our thinker is evidently a Southern man; he is also a lover of the Union; he is also a States-rights man, and yet he advances doctrines which would be ejected by the ultra-Southern, by the States-rights party and by the Unionists. Thus he recognizes the right of any State to withdraw from the confederacy (exposing, by the way, in a masterly manner, the miserable quibble which builds an argument upon the expression in the preamble to the Constitution, "we, the people of the United States") while, at the same time, his desire most earnestly, is to remain in the Union. And though he advocates the rights of States, he is an earnest believer in the existence of a nation composed of all the States.

He believes in the right of the Superior Court to settle constitutional questions; and while he agrees with the Democratic party in its acquiescence in the decision in the case of *Dred Scott*, he gives the party a rebuke for making it a party test in 1840, to refuse to abide by the decision of that Court in the case of a National Bank. That party which rejected the decision of the Court in one case, can, with ill grace, condemn the Republican party even for opposing the decision of the Court in the *Dred Scott* case. This is very true, and well reasoned, but does it not occur to the author that this circumstance alone proves the fact, that the Supreme Court cannot be the arbiter of disputed constitutional questions?

We are not aware that the Constitution gives any branch of the government authority to expound its meaning. This right is inherent to the exercise of power in any department. When the Congress undertakes to pass an act, they must necessarily so far interpret the Constitution as to determine that it grants the powers implied in passing the act. The President must use the same right of interpretation in either approving or disapproving; and when a Judge finds the question brought before him for decision, he has the same right, and no more. If his right were greater than

those of the other two branches of the government it would vest the practical power of the Constitution making in that Court, and in the event of their deciding against the known views of the people, make it incumbent on the country to resort to the cumbrous expedient of amending the Constitution in order to over-reach the pernicious decision of a half-dozen gentlemen.

The error, we think, consists in the confusion which exists between Constitutional questions and legal questions. In the latter the Court is called upon to determine some nice point, some cases omission, either not contemplated in the statute law, or not yet reached in the endless commentaries which litigation produces on the common or unwritten law. In these cases we can trust to the learning, skill and integrity of the Judge. He cannot be biased either by interest or party prejudices; besides, he *must* meet the case and make a decision; and it is wise to acquiesce in his decision, even though it may not be the best one. For this reason judicial decisions by the highest courts are, and deserve to be, authoritative and final. But with constitutional questions the case is just the reverse. No legal lore is necessary to understand the provisions of the constitution; and as long as men continue to be free, we will have men of equal honesty and intelligence advocating, the one a liberal, the other a strict interpretation of that instrument. And as the judges are appointed by the parties in power, so will their decisions savour of the school of the party from which they derive their power. Mr. Justice Marshall determined that a National Bank is Constitutional; Mr. Justice Taney would probably decide otherwise; and the decisions of both would be honest, and the people would, from time to time, overrule both of these decisions.

With his view of the system of delivering dissenting opinions, we heartily concur. They are indecent and disrespectful criticisms on the opinion of the majority of the court; and their effect is always to weaken the authority of the main opinion, which ought to go with the whole weight of the court. We are forcibly reminded of the effect produced by the indecent haste with which the dissenting opinions on the Dred Scott case were published and circulated throughout the country, like a party-tract, while the opinion of the court was consigned to the archives, to wait its turn, before it should be unfolded to the public.

We have been seduced to utter some thoughts of our own on this subject, while dissenting from this very eloquent writer and sensible thinker. Could we

but determine, at this late hour, which of his thoughts would most please or impress our readers, we would cheerfully expunge our own, and give them a page or two of his; but this is a difficult task. Whether we differ with the writer or agree with him, we find ourselves irresistibly attracted by all that he says; and even while we dissent, we feel that we ought to commend. In conclusion, then, let us hope that the pamphlet may have a wide circulation, particularly at the South. It cannot but do good at this crisis.

History and Antiquities of St. Augustine, Florida. By George R. Furbanks. Vice-President of the Florida Historical Society. New York: Charles B. Norton. 1858.

"The ever-faithful city," as a Spanish monarch called it, founded in 1565, older, by nearly half a century, than any other permanent settlement of Europeans within the limits of the United States—from whose fortress the banner of a mighty nation was unfurled, with reasonable expectation that it would be carried onward, in triumph, over an immense continent—the city from which the merciless Adelantado, with his hundreds of armed men, marched for the destruction of the French Huguenots, in Fort Caroline, and, again, to assassinate the shipwrecked and unarmed host of Ribault—the city captured by Sir Francis Drake, sacked by English buccaners, attacked by Governor Moore, and, with its strengthened bulwarks, besieged in vain by Oglethorpe—the city dreaded by the Southern English colonists, from the day when Sayle first placed his foot upon our soil till generation after generation had passed away—the refuge-city for runaway slaves, the rendezvous for preparing plots and for the instigation of Indians against us—a place of power and luxury, where the shade of fragrant orange-groves and salubrious breezes, from ocean and gulf, lulled to listlessness all but the bitter hatred of its dark-eyed Dons, to whose high courts and palatial dwellings came rescripts from the Pope and letters from the hand of royalty—the city whose incessant machinations against the peace of America made it a prominent object of treaty-stipulation, and brought it, by a stroke of the pen, under British dominion, two hundred years after the date of its foundation. Abandoned by three thousand of its Spanish inhabitants, it became the city in which were burnt in effigy the signers of the Declaration of Independent ence, from which time, English plots and machinations furnished expeditions against Southern Whigs, and to which, as to a prison-

house, were transported Middleton, Gadsden, Rutledge and many other eminent patriots. Peaceably changing its flag, it is again a Spanish city, seceded, after twenty years' occupancy by the English, and abandoned, in turn, by its new inhabitants—once more threatened by our troops in 1812—the scene of filibusterism in 1817—approached by the impetuous Jackson in 1818—sold, with its territory, to the United States, in 1819—and lastly, “on the 10th day of July, in the year 1821, the standard of Spain, which had been raised, two hundred and fifty-six years before, over St. Augustine, was finally lowered forever from its walls, over which it had so long fluttered, and the stars and stripes of the youngest of nations rose, where, sooner or later, the hand of destiny would assuredly have placed them.”

There, now, with sunken cheek, and pallid lip, and slow and faltering step, the invalid seeks repose. The rapid invigoration of his body, from the health-restoring clime, brings with it awakening mental energy, and he learns to know the old city as it is—small in population, “dilapidated in its appearance, with the stillness of desolation hanging over it—its waters undisturbed, except by the passing canoe of the fisherman—its streets unenlivened by busy traffic, and, at mid-day, it might be supposed to have sunk, under the enchanter's wand, into an almost eternal sleep. With no participation in the active schemes of life, and no hopes for the future; with no emulation and no feverish visions of future greatness; with no corner-lots on sale or in demand; with no stocks, save those devoted to disturbers of the public peace; with no excitements and no events; a quiet, undisturbed, dreamy vision of still life surrounds its walls and creates a sensation of entire repose, pleasant or otherwise, as it falls upon the heart of the weary wanderer, sick of life's busy bustle, or upon the restless mind of him who looks to nothing as life, except perpetual, unceasing action; the one rejoicing in its rest, the other chafing under its monotony.”

Mr. Fairbanks' little book will be a source of great pleasure and instruction to the visitor and the convalescent at St. Augustine. We regret that it is not more complete in details. It grew out of a lecture which the author was solicited to give to the public in a permanent form. “The large amount,” says he “of interesting material in my possession, has made my work rather one of laborious condensation than expansion.” From the Spanish papers of an official nature, known to exist in St. Augustine, much might be gleaned for

a future edition, to be embodied in the narrative, or published in an appendix.

We extract an account of the celebrated Fort, (p. 156):

“The first fort erected was called San Juan de Pinos, and probably the same name attached to the present fort at the commencement of its erection: when it acquired the name of St. Mark I have not discovered. The Apalachian Indians were employed upon it for more than sixty years, and to their efforts are probably due the evidences of immense labour in the construction of the ditch, the ramparts and glacis, and the approaches; while the huge mass of stone, contained in its solid walls, must have required the labour of hundreds of persons, for many long years, in procuring and cutting the stone in the quarries on the island, transporting it to the water, and across the bay, and fashioning and raising them to their places. Besides the Indians employed, some labour was constantly bestowed by the garrison; and, for a considerable period, convicts were brought hither from Mexico to carry on the public works. During the works of extension and repair effected by Monteano, previous to the siege by Oglethorpe, he employed upon it one hundred and forty of these Mexican convicts. The south-western bastion is said to have been completed by Monteano. The bastions bore the names respectively of St. Paul, St. Peter, St. James, etc. The whole work remains now as it was in 1756, with the exception of the water-battery, which was reconstructed by the government of the United States, in 1842-3. The complement of its guns is one hundred, and its full garrison-establishment requires one thousand men. It is built upon the plan of Vauban, and is considered by military men as a very creditable work. Its strength and efficiency have been well tested in the old times; for it has never been taken, although twice besieged and several times attacked. Its frowning battlements and sepulchral vaults will long stand after we, and those of our day, shall be numbered with that long past, of which it is itself a memorial. Of its legends connected with the dark chambers and prison-vaults, the chains, the instruments of torture, the skeletons walled in, its closed and hidden recesses—of Coachouchee's escape, and many another tale, there is much to say; but it is better said within its grim walls, where the eye and the imagination can go together in weaving a web of mystery and awe over its sad associations, to the music of the grating bolts, the echoing tread and the clank ing chain.”

In contrast with these gloomy dungeons, we select a picture which shows to what sweet bowers coquettish little hands once invited admirers to see the taste displayed in beautiful decorations! If loving hearts came there to sigh, it was, of course, entirely accidental. In olden times "dancing formed one of their most common amusements, as it does now. The posey dance, now become obsolete, was then of almost daily occurrence, and was introduced in the following manner: The females of the family erect, in a room of their house, a neat little arbour, dressed with pots and garlands of flowers, and lit up brightly with candles. This is understood by the gentlemen as an invitation to drop in and admire the beauty of their decorations. In the meantime, the lady who has prepared it, selects a partner from among her visitors, and, in token of her preference, honours him with a *bouquet* of flowers. The gentleman who receives the *bouquet* becomes then, for the nonce, king of the ball, and leads out the fair donour as queen of the dance. The others take partners, and the ball is thus inaugurated, and may continue several successive evenings. Should the lady's choice fall upon an unwilling swain—which seldom happened—he could be excused, by assuming the expenses of the entertainment. These assemblies were always informal, and frequented by all classes—all meeting on a level; but were conducted with the utmost politeness and decorum, for which the Spanish character is so distinguished."—p. 182.

Friends in Council. New series, by the author of "*Companions of my Solitude.*" 2 vols., 16mo. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1860.

Those to whom the writings of Mr. Helps are familiar, will require no recommendation from us to read the second series of *Friends in Council*. It is better to let him speak for himself, as he does thus pleasantly in his "Introduction."

"An exquisite thing is good conversation. It winds round and round the subject. It has such charming pauses and interruptions: it is not merely like real life; it is real life. I think, too, it is not only very beautiful but very useful. I believe that if a man were to look back upon some of the most important resolves that he has taken in the course of his life, he would find that they have

been greatly influenced by what he has heard in a chance way in good conversation. I often pity the lower animals for their want of talk. To be sure there is the lowing of kine; there are the songs of birds, which Milverton, who hates their noise, always calls twittering; there is the grand roar of wild beasts in deep forests; and there are the queer whistlings, shriekings, hootings, and other unaccountable noises of the lower animals, which for my part I like to hear, because I am sure they convey some meaning, and are well understood by kindred creatures. I dare say that love, hatred, joyousness and terror, are well enough expressed by these sounds. But where are the quips, the cranks, the bright jests, the pompous periods, the sly rejoinders, the hard conclusions of inexorable logic, which belong to good human talk? If there is an Ellesmere in the lower creation—some strange outlandish bird it may be—how does it manage to express its sensations? Imagine a humorous animal (and sometimes I fancy, from the look of their eyes and the curling of their noses, that there are such creatures): how puzzled it must be to find a vehicle for its humour. 'Sir, we had good talk.' What a keen sense of enjoyment is expressed in these few words of Dr. Johnson. And a modern American philosopher has said, not without some reason, that all the means and appliances of civilization culminate in bringing together, round a table, in a warm, comfortable room, three or four intelligent people to talk pleasantly. All other forms of composition are, comparatively speaking, elaborate works of art. When I read or listen to speeches, sermons, essays, novels, epics, sonnets—especially sonnets—I seem to be walking in the trim gardens of our ancestors; but when I listen to good talk, it is like surveying the natural landscape, which does not, at first sight, convey a distinct meaning and purpose; but gradually a result appears in some influence or other upon one's mind; and that result comes sweetly, softly, and undeniably. In thus extolling conversation, I magnify my office as a reporter of conversations, but if one did not magnify one's office, one would be a miserable person; and surely any reporter at the Bar, or in the Senate, must feel almost as if he made (sometimes he does make a good part of them) the brilliant speeches he reports."